"BREATHLESS"

by

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and

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and

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Adapted from the film A BOUT DE SOUFFLE

By Jean-Luc Godard

Original Story by

Francois Truffaut

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. DESERT INN (LAS VEGAS) - SUNSET 1

A glass-enclosed elevator slowly descends from the roof down the outside of the neon monolithic Desert Inn.

2 ANGLE - JESSE LUJACK 2

JESSE LUJACK, in the elevator, gazing down at the Vegas-scape below. His blue-tinted sunglasses reflect the desert sunset. He's in his late twenties, raw-boned but powerful-looking in a bottle-green Dacron suit with Western stitching. Flashy pointy-toe boots. Black shirt with a tan string tie. Stringy longish hair sticks out from under a panama hat. Chain-smoking.

He seems to bristle with energy even standing still. But behind his tough-guy pose, his face has a boyish kind of vulnerability.

3 JESSE'S POV - VEGAS-SCAPE 3

Sweeping VIEW of the Vegas strip: neon lights of the big casinos popping on for the night. As the elevator descends, Jesse's gaze focuses on the parking lot below, vast and crisscrossed with rows of parked cars. A bright red '51 Thunderbird swings around the lot and nudges into a slot near the street.

JESSE (V.O.)
(sings)
'... just a-hunk a-hunk a burnin' love,
Ahm jus' a-hunk a-hunk a burnin' love...'

4 EXT. HOTEL AND PARKING LOT - SUNSET 4

A nineteenish BAR GIRL in an ill-fitting red wig lounges near the cab stand. She's eyeing the T-bird, and the two drunken Sharpies in jumpsuits stumbling out of it.

5 ANGLE - JESSE 5

He rambles out of the hotel, pouring a fifteen cent bag of peanuts into a long-necked bottle of beer. He brushes shoulders with the two Sharpies going in, and flashes the Bar Girl a signal. She follows the two Sharpies inside.

6 CLOSE ANGLE - JESSE 6

waiting near the T-bird. He peers coolly over the top of a "Silver Surfer" comic book. The comic book cover art: a metallic silver superhero, and the words -- "THE SILVER SURFER FIGHTS ALONE." Jesse's eyes flick watchfully; he lowers the comic book.

7 ANGLE - HOTEL ENTRANCE 7

The Bar Girl hustles out, shooting Jesse the Okee-doke.

8 ANGLE - JESSE 8

In one quick move, he has his head under the T-bird's hood, and is hot-wiring the ignition.

9 ANGLE - BAR GIRL 9

She's running across the parking lot. She gets up to the T-bird just as Jesse's backing out of the slot.

BAR GIRL
Jess, take me along.

JESSE
(REVS the engine)
What time is it, darlin'?

BAR GIRL
Uhn -- seven-thirty.

JESSE
(flashes his crooked smile)
Next time. For sure.

He PEELS out.

10 ANGLE - THE GLASS-ENCLOSED ELEVATOR GOING UP 10

The two Sharpies have spotted Jesse in their car. They yell and pound the glass. They're punching buttons, but the elevator keeps rising. They watch helplessly as their kidnapped car slips away into the traffic below.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. I-15 FREEWAY (VEGAS TO L.A.) - SUNSET 11

As the T-bird speeds through the outskirts of Vegas, Jesse rummages in a floor basket piled with cassette tapes. He pulls up one, looks at it: BARRY MANILOW -- tosses it out the window. OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN -- out. K.C. AND THE SUNSHINE BAND -- out. Jesse sings at the top of his lungs.

JESSE
(sings)
'... Ahm gonna tell ya how it's gonna beee: Yer gonna give yer love to me!' Monica!!

He sucks in the cool desert air, takes a pull on his beer, chomping peanuts and grinning at the sunset.

JESSE
(continuing)
The West is the best!

12 CLOSE ANGLE - JESSE 12

He glances at the speedometer.

13 JESSE'S POV - SPEEDOMETER 13

The needle nudges 85. O.S., the ENGINE WHINES louder, accelerating. The needle pushes past 90, 95, 100...

JESSE (V.O.)
(singing)
'Too fast to live, too young to die.
Too fast to live, too young to die.
Bee-Beep...'

14 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE HIGHWAY 14

The T-bird whizzes PAST THE CAMERA, careening through early evening traffic.

15 JESSE'S POV - THE HIGHWAY 15

A roadsign whips past: "Los Angeles 286 Miles."

CUT TO:

16 ANGLE - JESSE (A LITTLE LATER) 16

He pulls a JERRY LEE LEWIS eight-track from the basket and shoves it into the dashboard tape deck. JERRY LEE'S VOICE blasts out his throbbing rendition of "Breathless."

JERRY LEE LEWIS (TAPE)
'If you love me, please don't tease.
If I can hold you, just let me squeeze.
My heart goes round and round...'

Jerry Lee's song heats up the soundtrack as CREDITS ROLL OVER SHOTS of the burning sky, desert landscape, and freeway traffic. Jesse sings along with Jerry Lee.

JESSE & TAPE
'My love comes tumblin' down,
You leave me...
(sighs)
Ahh... breathless!'

Until the ends of song and credits.

CUT TO:

17 INT. T-BIRD - SUNDOWN (A LITTLE LATER) 17

Jesse's lighting a fresh cigarette with the butt of his last one. He looks at himself in the rearview mirror.

JESSE
Okay. I go get the money. Then I ask Monica: yes or no... then...
(sings)
'Ahm gonna tell ya how it's gonna beee...'
Me-ji-co! Monica and Mexico! Monica and me! Me and Monica in Mexico!

Digging in the basket for another tape, Jesse's hand finds something metal: A gun.

JESSE
(continuing; laughs)
Holy Frijoles!

It's a silver-plated Colt .45. He hefts it admiringly, twirls it on his finger; fakes pot-shots at the sinking sun.

18 JESSE'S POV - DESERT SUNSET 18

The sky is seven shades of orange.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

Cactus silhouettes dot the horizon.

JESSE (V.O.)
(quotes)
'In all the galaxies... In all the endless reaches of space... I have found no planet more blessed than this one...'

19 JESSE'S POV - THE PASSENGER SEAT 19

The "Silver Surfer" comic book is folded open and wedged into the tuck of the seat.

JESSE (V.O.)
(quotes)
'And yet hatred, fear, and unreasoning hostility have possessed men's hearts...'

20 CLOSEUP - COMIC BOOK 20

CAMERA ISOLATES the final frame of the comic book.

JESSE (V.O.)
(quotes)
'And trapped upon this world of madness... stand I... The Silver Surfer...'

21 ANGLE - JESSE 21

He's literally standing on the accelerator, whooping, whipped by the wind. Peaking.

JESSE
Tell 'em, Surfman!!!

The T-bird ZOOMS off.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. I-15 FREEWAY - AFTER SUNDOWN (A LITTLE LATER) 22

The highway narrows as it rises through a mountain pass. The sky is blood red. Night roadwork bunches the traffic into one lane. The T-bird seesaws behind a VW Rabbit full of Secretaries. He's trying to find an opening to pass it. But the Rabbit's blocked by a huge semi chugging slowly uphill.

23 ANGLE - JESSE 23

He's impatiently flashing his high beams. He's pulling off his suit jacket.

JESSE
Aw come on, girls. Grandma was slow, but she was old.

He swings out into the passing lane, toppling plastic road cones in his wake. But the lane ahead is full of Workmen. He swerves back; then swings right, onto the gravel shoulder. He rockets up beside the Rabbit.

24 JESSE'S POV - VW RABBIT 24

The giggling Secretaries watch him pass, shocked and amused.

25 ANGLE - JESSE 25

Grinning wolfishly, he takes both hands off the steering wheel and reaches out toward the girls.

JESSE
Look out, girls, going outa control!

The T-bird veers crazily towards the Rabbit.

26 ANGLE - VW RABBIT 26

The girls squeal.

27 ANGLE - JESSE 27

At the very last minute, he grabs the wheel, and ROARS away, whipping the car with his hat, as if it were a horse.

28 ANOTHER ANGLE - VW RABBIT 28

The girls wave back as Jesse disappears around the semi.

29 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE HIGHWAY 29

Jesse buzzes past the semi, cuts back onto the highway.

30 ANOTHER ANGLE 30

A MOTORCYCLE COP heading in the opposite direction catches sight of Jesse's stunt. The Cop skids into a U-turn and takes off after Jesse, SIREN WAILING.

31 ANGLE - JESSE 31

He hears the *SIREN, checks the rearview mirror.*

JESSE
A cop! This boy better get, or git got.

32 JESSE'S POV - REARVIEW MIRROR 32

The Motorcycle Cop's gaining on him.

33 ANGLE - JESSE 33

He's tugging down the brim of his hat, floorboarding the T-bird. He glances at the passenger's seat.

34 JESSE'S POV - PASSENGER SEAT 34

don't show it

The silver-plated Colt .45 bounces beside the comic book.

JESSE (V.O.)
Fuckin' jinxed, swear to God:
I'm jinxed!

35 ANGLE - TOP OF *THE MOUNTAIN PASS* 35

The T-bird blasts over the crest. The Cop hangs tight after him. No traffic close ahead. But the straight-away is abruptly blocked by the big "Detour" baricades flashing huge yellow arrows and "Speed Limit 25" signs.

36 ANGLE - JESSE 36

craning and peering around feverishly for a cut-off road. He's pushing 95 mph.

37 ANOTHER ANGLE 37

The T-bird power-skids into the first 90-degree turn of the detour. But Jesse blows the second one, *CRASHING* through the barricades.

38 ANGLE - THE DESERT 38

Suddenly, the T-bird is on the desert, bounding over gullies, smashing through the mesquite, almost out of control.

A jackrabbit skitters into Jesse's headlight beams. He stomps the brakes to avoid hitting it. The T-bird goes careening into a dry wash, and stalls out. The rabbit bounds away. *Jesse kills his lights. The Cop ROARS* past in the dark.

39 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE T-BIRD 39

Jesse has his head buried under the hood, fiddling frantically with the wires.

JESSE
Shit -- the jumper's gone. I'm trapped.

He scrambles back to the driver's side, lunging halfway through the window to gather up his jacket.

JESSE
(continuing; to himself, panicked)
Vamoose, vamoose, vamoose! Pronto, pronto, pronto!

His eye catches the gun on the passenger seat. For a split second he considers taking it; doesn't. O.S. we hear the SOUND of the Cop's MOTORCYCLE, unexpectedly loud.

Suddenly, Jesse's body is pinned in the blinding glare of the motorcycle's headlight.

40 ANGLE - MOTORCYCLE COP 40

A dark figure with a gun behind the headlight.

COP
Don't move or I'll burn ya!

41 ANGLE - JESSE 41

His eyes dart back into the car.

42 INSERT - THE FRONT SEAT 42

The gun rests on the front seat.

43 ANGLE - THE COP 43

He raises his gun.

COP
You, punk.

44 INSERT - FRONT SEAT 44

Jesse's hand flashes to the gun.

45 ANGLE - THE T-BIRD 45

The rear window of the T-bird EXPLODES outwards.

46 ANGLE - THE COP 46

The Cop topples over his motorcycle.

47 ANGLE - JESSE 47

He stares incredulously at the gun in his hand, as if to say, "What the fuck did you do?"

48 ANGLE - THE COP 48

He lies beside the motorcycle, eyes open, blinking occasionally. Big red stain on his chest.

49 ANGLE - JESSE 49

He crosses slowly to the cop, looks down at him desolately. He drops to his knees beside the body. He wants to touch him, do something. He rolls up his jacket and tucks it under the Cop's head.

50 ANGLE - THE COP 50

He never moves, his breathing slow, labored; eyes staring straight up.

51 ANGLE - JESSE 51

watching him in horror. Then he raises his eyes to the road, where headlights approach in the distance.

52 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT 52

Panicked, cursing himself and scared, Jesse tears across the desert at a dead run toward the lights of the highway. His hat flies off his head, but he doesn't even look back. All we can hear are his FEET on the desert sand and his BREATH coming in quick, deep pants.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

53 EXT. SAN DIEGO FREEWAY (LOS ANGELES), WILSHIRE BLVD. EXIT RAMP - EARLY MORNING 53

Jesse hauls himself out of a beat-up old Buick; waves as it pulls away, and starts down the off-ramp toward Westwood.

Jesse looks a wreck. Covered with dust. His black shirt is off and tied around his head, Lawrence of Arabia-style. He has on a dirty "Cody, Wyoming" T-shirt.

54 EXT. BROXTON AVENUE (WESTWOOD) - EARLY MORNING 54

Jesse rambles down the empty, spic-and-span shopping center streets. He's the only thing moving at this hour. His shaggy, disheveled self looks out of place among the neat, all-American shoppes: Earth Shoes; Swensen's Ice Cream; Pottery Barn, Etc.

In front of a frozen yogurt store, he bangs a newspaper vending machine with a trick punch, popping it open without paying. He lifts out the stack of Herald-Examiners, sets them on top of the vending machine. He scans the front and inside pages of one paper for news of his desert shoot-out. No news.

A cop car suddenly rounds the corner, cruises slowly by on the deserted street. Jesse watches it from behind the paper. The cop car disappears around the next corner. Jesse crumples the paper; uses it to wipe the desert off his boots; throws it into the gutter.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. WESTWOOD STREET - EARLY MORNING 55

Clean residential street. Jesse bulls through a hedge, pulls out a switchblade, flicking it open. Grasps a big yellow rose, and cuts it free from a bush.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. *LAURELVIEW APARTMENTS (WESTWOOD) - EARLY MORNING* 56

Jesse stands with the rose outside the electric gate of a tacky, two-story Westwood apartment complex, peering at the grid of nameplates and buzzer-buttons. A big, goofy-looking black dog sits nearby, watching and wagging his tail expectantly.

57 INSERT - NAMEPLATE 57

It reads: "Monica Boisson." *Jesse's finger ENTERS THE* FRAME, pushes the button beside it. No response. He pushes the button again.

58 ANOTHER ANGLE - JESSE 58

Again no response. He pushes the button again; and leans on it. He looks at the dog. The dog cocks his ears.

Jesse shrugs, rares back, and pushes his boot against a whole row of buzzer-buttons; holding it there.

A sleepy MAN'S VOICE pops out of a little two-way speaker in the wall.

SLEEPY MAN (V.O.)
Yeah? Who's that?

JESSE
(into speaker)
Roto-Rooter!

SLEEPY MAN (V.O.)
Huh? Who is this?

A FEMALE VOICE cuts in from another apartment.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Hello, who is it?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 58

JESSE
(into speaker)
Uh... pool man. I locked myself out.

The BUZZER CLICKS. Jesse shoves the gate open. The black dog scoots through ahead of him.

SLEEPY MAN (V.O.)
Is that you, Bernie, you weasel? It's over. I told you to leave me alone...

As Jesse disappears into the courtyard, OTHER VOICES from other apartments cut in on the SPEAKER.

OTHER VOICES (V.O.)
Hello?... Who is it?... Hello... Hello..., etc.

59 EXT. APARTMENT COURTYARD - EARLY MORNING 59

Jesse sidles around the courtyard in the shadow of the building, and mounts the outside stairs to the second story.

60 EXT. SECOND STORY BALCONY - EARLY MORNING 60

Jesse comes to a corner apartment in the back. He peers in the window, tapping on the glass. He can't see anyone inside. He presses against the window, calling Monica softly.

JESSE
(half-whisper)
Monica... Monica?...

Behind Jesse, there's a LOUD SPLASH, and Jesse spins.

61 JESSE'S POV - THE POOL 61

The big, black dog is floundering happily around in the apartment complex's kidney-shaped pool.

62 ANGLE - JESSE 62

Sliding a small burglar's tool out of his boot, he expertly jimmies open the apartment door. As he pushes open the door, a Siamese cat bursts out of the apartment, startling Jesse, and scurries away.

63 INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT - DAY 63

A couple of moments later. Jesse is prowling around the room, rifling through Monica's drawers.

It's a tiny but tidy studio apartment. Cheap second-hand furniture brightened up with a couple of coats of canary yellow paint. A yellow upright piano in one corner piled with sheet music. The sofa/bed is sprawled open, littered with school books, unmade. On the walls, a Tenniel Alice in Wonderland poster; assorted photos: Monica, mom, dad, younger sister on a balcony above a European street; Monica and her convent school volleyball team; a photo clipped from a European newspaper of a 12-year-old Monica giving a singing recital; recent photobooth photos of Monica and her Siamese cat; and assorted pictures of modern European architecture. *A lot of foreign magazines stacked on a* table.

Jesse slams shut a final drawer.

JESSE
(shakes his head)
These college girls never have any cash.

Jesse opens the drawer again, pulls out a snapshot that caught his eye. It's a picture of Monica (blonde, young, luscious) and a slightly professorial-looking man, Paul. Jesse rips it in half, sticks the Monica half in his shirt pocket, and the Paul half in the wastebasket.

CUT TO:

64 INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY (A LITTLE LATER) 64

It's all steamed up from the blasting shower. And littered with heaps of exotic "natural" bathroom junk: rainwater shampoos, cucumber conditioners, sea-kelp cleansers, purple jojoba ointments, unguents and oils. Also hygiene machines: hair dryers, electric facial brushes, hot-curl rollers, etc.

From behind the smoked-glass shower door, STRANGE NOISES mix with the WHOOSHING WATER; Jesse's snuffling and whinneying like a horse.

65 ANGLE - JESSE IN THE SHOWER 65

He's squeezing several kinds of shampoo into his hair, soaping up a lava of lather.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: 65

There's a magnifying mirror hung on the shower door, and Jesse eyeballs it as he pulls his bubbly hair into different shapes: horns, a conehead, a 50's ducktail with a forehead curl and, finally, all back superslick.

CUT TO:

66 INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT - DAY (A LITTLE LATER) 66

Jesse jitters around dripping wet with a phone tucked in his shoulder. He's listening to it RING a lot, and fiddling with a little bunch of dirty dishes on Monica's desk. He's absently stacking glasses, cups, saucers -- making a kind of dishware totem pole.

JESSE
(finally)
Hey, Tolmatchoff, shake it up --

FEMALE VOICE (PHONE)
(barely awake)
He not here.

JESSE
Uh, you know where he is? I gotta find him, he's got some money for me.

No answer. Jesse's waiting, stacking up stuff. The structure gets higher, more precarious. (He builds these little Rube Goldbergish things throughout the movie. They always look like they're about to fall over, but they don't.)

JESSE
(continuing)
Hey, babe? Talk to me -- where --

FEMALE VOICE (PHONE)
I dunno. The skunk didn't come home last night.

Jesse hangs up. Thinks a beat. Snaps his fingers: Ah-ha.

JESSE
Deena!

He scribbles a note on a yellow pad: "Guess who? Where are you?" He sticks the stem of the rose through the note, then pokes the rose into the glass at the top of his structure.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. (WESTWOOD) - DAY (A LITTLE LATER) 67

Jesse's got his thumb out hitching a ride with the new slicked-back hairdo he designed in the shower. A VW swerves to the curb a little past him. Jesse runs toward it.

CUT TO:

68 INT. DUKE'S COFFEESHOP - DAY 68

Jesse waits for a seat at the counter, which is jammed with people reading Variety and The Hollywood Reporter.

A WAITRESS, young, pretty, a little on the heavy side -- a big-eyed Jewish princess not fleet on the uptake, wipes off the counter. He taps her.

JESSE
How much are two eggs, sunnyside up?

WAITRESS
Two ninety-eight.

Jesse digs in his pocket, checks his money -- nickels and dimes.

JESSE
(nods)
Okay... and some ham, a short stack, big O.J. Fresh. Be right back.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. SMALL HOLLYWOOD BUNGALOW - DAY 69

Jesse's at the front door of a little Seven Dwarf's-style bungalow. He's buttoning and tucking in his shirt. He rings the doorbell, singing to himself.

JESSE
(sings)
'Ahm ready... ready, ready, ready.
Ahm ready... ready, ready, ready.'

The door opens a crack. A half-dressed girl, DEENA, talking on the phone, looks out.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: 69

JESSE
(*continuing; sings*)
'Ready, ready, ready to...
Rock and Roll!'

He ends with an Elvis hip swivel and bump.

DEENA
(surprised)
Jesse Lujack! The rodeo's back in town.

Jesse ushers himself in, looking around for another person.

JESSE
Hello, Deena, darlin'! Where's --

70 INT. BUNGALOW - DAY 70

Deena's an ever-hopeful TV actress, 30ish aging pixie. She's dragging the phone back to her bedroom makeup table.

DEENA
(into phone)
I'm holding, I'm holding...

Deena's place is full of ferns and cats. Jesse props himself against her full-length mirror, which has Polaroid snapshots of boyfriends stuck along the frame. An old picture of Jesse (with hair down mid-back, standing near a hot dog stand) is among them. Deena keeps dressing in a rush, holding the phone.

DEENA
(continuing; to Jesse)
Where you been, in jail? We haven't seen you in a while.

JESSE
(sly grin)
Got sucked up into a flying saucer. Been on Saturn a month teachin' 'em how to do the twist.

He reaches into her robe and strokes her tit. She bats his hand away. He rubs it absently.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: 70

JESSE
So what's going on, lil' bit?
Where's Tolmatchoff?

DEENA
(shrugs)
Don't ask me. I don't mess with *those creeps anymore. I did two* pilots this summer...
(into phone)
He doesn't remember who I am??
I fucked the little bastard!!

She bangs the phone down. She starts to cry. Jesse squats and leans her head on his shoulder, patting back her hair.

JESSE
Aw, now. That's alright, baby.
You know ol' stiff dick ain't
got no conscience.

She can't help laughing. She gives him a quick kiss and jumps up, pulling on slacks. A beat. Deena dabs her eyes with her bathrobe. Jesse muses.

JESSE
(continuing)
How about having some breakfast
with me at Duke's?

DEENA
I'm too late.

JESSE
(coming to the point)
Deena, you got fifty you could
let me have 'til noon?

DEENA
I should've guessed... You're
such a rat, Jesse Lujack.

He holds up his hand in a three-fingered scout salute.

JESSE
No, ma'am. Scout's honor; just
'til noon! Tolmatchoff's holding
a whole shitpot of cash for me.

She looks at him skeptically, fumbles in her purse, pulls out a five dollar bill. The PHONE RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2) 70

DEENA
Here, I can let you have five.

JESSE
(winks)
You keep it.

The PHONE RINGS again.

DEENA
(grabs up the phone; angry)
What?!
(snaps on sweetness)
Ohhh, hiii... I didn't think you'd call so soon...

She carries the phone into the bathroom. As soon as she's out of the room, Jesse's in her purse. He takes two twenties and leaves the five.

71 ANGLE - BATHROOM 71

Jesse pokes his head in. She looks up, cups the phone against her breast.

JESSE
Okay.
(gives her a three-fingered salute)
Adios.

DEENA
Yeah, 'bye.

Good scene

CUT TO:

72 INT. DUKE'S - DAY 72

Waitress putting down Jesse's plate. He sits down, hands her one of Deena's twenties. He reaches into his shirt, takes out the torn half-photograph of Monica. Waitress looks at it. He makes another small plate and cup structure, sets the photograph into it.

Should be 1st time it makes - cut other scene

WAITRESS
Who's that? She your girl?

But Jesse stares over his cooling breakfast and doesn't seem to hear. He gazes at Monica's face, his eyes hidden by the reflector glasses.

MATCH DISSOLVE:

73 INT. HALL, ARCHITECTURE DEPARTMENT, UCLA - DAY 73

MONICA's face. She is 22, blonde, sensual, meltingly pretty, the perfect image of the youthful innocent -- but she's not. She is French, speaks English well, with an irresistible accent.

At this time in her life, she has begun to suspect she isn't as happy as she thought.

At this very moment, she is very nervous, puffing on a fat French cigarette.

A California-girl FRIEND (straight, long hair, dismayingly healthy) comes up, carrying books.

FRIEND
Monica.

She looks up. Friend comes up, squeezes her forearm.

FRIEND
(continuing)
Good luck.

MONICA
(distracted)
Thanks.

FRIEND
And don't worry -- if you blow it, you still got time for an appeal.

MONICA
Ah! I wouldn't want to do this again.

The door behind her flies open. A cold young man with a neatly-trimmed beard and round glasses looks at her.

74 INT. CLASSROOM, ARCHITECTURE DEPT. - DAY 74

Long, dim room with large windows looking out on a rolling lawn displaying several huge pieces of abstract sculpture. Monica standing before THREE PROFESSORS, who sit watching her. Tension. Silence.

MONICA
(reciting)
Neutra was a European exile, reared in the austere 'form follows function' precepts of Bauhaus architecture.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: 74

MONICA (CONT'D)
His Lovell Beach House in Marina Del Rey demonstrates a style and manner of handling space that demands comparison with the best European work of the same period...

She glances nervously at PAUL, the youngest professor whom we may recognize as the man in the picture with Monica that Jesse found in her drawer.

PAUL
(helping her along)
Would you say he uses a California opportunity to make a European statement?

MONICA
Oui, yes, exactly...

Monica nods, tongue flicking over her lips. Beyond her, through the big windows, we can see (though she can't) Jesse approaching; loose moving, anarchic energy, bopping through the neat geometry of the sculpture garden, singing to himself.

MONICA
(continuing)
... The lightweight steel frame, the prefabricated panels, the suspended balconies, the...

Just then, she notices Jesse peering in through the window, pantomiming a song at her. For a second, she is dumbstruck. Then, she turns quickly away, fiddles with her notes.

MONICA
(continuing)
I'm sorry...

PROFESSOR #1
Go on.

Professor #1 is a bald, oldish man who wears huge bifocals.

MONICA
... the suspended balconies, the, the edgy detailing...

She throws a panicked look to Paul. He smiles reassuringly.

75 INT. HALLWAY, ARCHITECTURE DEPT. - DAY 75

Jesse ambles down the hall, looking at the numbers on the classroom doors, still singing.

JESSE
(sings a la Jerry Lee Lewis)
'If you hear somebody knockin' on your door,
If you see somethin' crawlin' across your floor,
Honey, it'll be me,
And I'll be lookin' for you...'

A department AIDE is writing "Keep Out - Oral Exams" in crayon on a piece of paper he braces against a wall locker. Jesse spots the number over the door, knows he's in the right place. He starts to go in.

AIDE
(surprised)
You can't go in there.

JESSE
Didn't ya hear? Ol' Can't's dead.

He enters.

76 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 76

MONICA
(to the Professors)
... Le Corbusier's formula: one dream multiplied by one million equals chaos...

Just then, Jesse barges into the room. Monica stops in mid-sentence. All eyes turn sharply to Jesse. He beams at Monica from the doorway.

JESSE
Hello, sunshine.

Monica looks stricken. The Professors eye him coldly. Professor #1 squints at Jesse over his bifocals.

PROFESSOR #1
Is this a friend of yours, Monica?

MONICA
No!... I mean... I...

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: 76

Jesse winks at Monica and starts across the room toward Professor #1, seated uneasily behind a foldup card table.

JESSE
No. Uh-uh. She don't want to know me. Can't blame me for staring, though, can yuh?

He starts blithely collecting the papers on the card table and depositing them on the Professor's lap. The Professor starts to rise indignantly, but can't because of the papers.

JESSE
(continuing)
No, I'm from Maintenance. They sent me up to get this table...

PAUL
(jumping in)
Are you crazy? There's an exam going on in here!

Jesse starts folding up the legs of the table.

JESSE
Hey, I'm not stopping ya. Just gotta get this over to Art class real quick. Need something to put a banana on so they can draw it...

He swings the table up over his head and, turning, he knocks the papers from the Professor's lap. They spill all over the floor.

JESSE
(continuing)
Sorry, guv...
(a beat)
Can't draw a banana just laying on the floor, ya know?

He stumbles across the room, knocking over chairs, seeming to trip just in front of Monica. She looks down at him, horrified. He looks up at her with a sly grin on his face, steals a kiss, and crashes out the door.

PROFESSOR #1
Just a minute!

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2) 76

But he's gone. Monica's face is beet red.

PROFESSOR #2
(solicitous)
Can you go on, Monica?

MONICA
(composing herself)
Yes, I think so.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. ARCHITECTURE BUILDING, UCLA CAMPUS - DAY 77

Monica, with Paul and the other two Professors coming toward us down the steps. Hundreds of students rattling down beside them. It looks like a mass pogo dance; nervous, charged with vibrating movement, in descent.

Monica spots Jesse.

78 ANGLE - JESSE 78

Standing at the bottom of the steps. His grinning, solid physical presence is like a delta, forcing the flow of students to split into two broiling streams.

79 ANGLE - MONICA 79

She slows down, lets the Professors go on ahead. Paul stops, goes back to her. As she talks to Paul, Monica eyes Jesse nervously. She and Paul exchange a few words, then Paul turns and hurries after his collegues.

Monica turns, starts tentatively toward Jesse through the swarm.

80 ANGLE - PAUL 80

Just as he catches up to the other Professors, he steals a glance back over his shoulder. He sees Monica walking toward Jesse.

81 ANGLE - JESSE 81

as Monica approaches. He gives her his crookedest grin.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: 81

JESSE
(Speedy Gonzales accent)
Hello, keed. You coming to Mejico with me?

82 ANGLE - MONICA 82

She stops short of reaching him, shakes a fist in mock anger.

MONICA
What did you think you were doing over there? You could have cost me my degree!

He spreads his arms to her, grins.

JESSE
I know I'm crazy. I can't help it. I guess I love you.

She sighs, unable to stay mad at him, but when he tries to take her in his arms, she squirms out of his grasp.

MONICA
(smiles)
Love? We spent one or two nights together in Las Vegas, that's all.

She starts across the sculpture garden. Jesse falls into step beside her, holding up four fingers.

JESSE
Four...

She jerks her hand back toward the classroom.

MONICA
Did you do this because I left in the middle of the night? Because I didn't say goodbye?

JESSE
Come on, let's go to Mexico.

MONICA
Don't be ridiculous. I have to study.

JESSE
Bring your books. We'll feed 'em to the big turtles.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: 82

MONICA
But I can't, Jesse. I have to stay in school, or my family won't send me any more money.

JESSE
I'll give you money. I'm here to pick up a big bag of money.

MONICA
(laughs)
But didn't you tell me you had a lot of enemies here?

JESSE
I do, I do.

He slips an arm around her waist. She sidesteps him again.

MONICA
So, you are in danger?

JESSE
Yeah, I'm a desperado.

MONICA
Desperado, what does it mean?

He grabs her hand, turns her to face him, speaks with surprising intensity.

JESSE
It means I'm desperate for you, Monica.

He tries a kiss; she ducks. He circles and pins her against a piece of sculpture. Leans close.

JESSE
(continuing; fevered)
You know how it is when you're tearing along and that needle's tickling ninety, a hundred maybe, and your road dips all at once, and it like to suck your guts out, and your breath is gone? That's me around you, sugar, that's me.
(a Jerry Lee outburst)
Breath-less-uh!

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2) 82

Monica is transfixed by his eyes.

MONICA
You scare me, Jesse.

JESSE
Yeah.

He tries to kiss her again. She ducks under his arm, moving away.

MONICA
(her English giving way under the strain)
You can't just burst into a person's life and explode it all up like this.

He traces his fingers gently along her cheek, watching her as she avoids looking at him.

MONICA
(continuing)
Las Vegas was a holiday. This is my life.

He tilts her chin up so he can kiss her.

MONICA
(continuing)
No. Go away, Jesse.

She wrenches away, darts into the swarming horde of other students. Jesse starts after her, then stops himself. He stands watching her go.

JESSE
(yelling after her)
Las Vegas was life, honey. This here's a holiday.

CUT TO:

83 INT. PONTIAC TRANS-AM - DAY (A LITTLE LATER) 83

Jesse is slouched back beside a pipe-smoking neat-mustached BLACK GUY in the front of the souped-up orange sports car. 20-20 NEWS on the car RADIO.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: 83

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
... California Highway Patrolman H.R. Poindexter is on the critical list at Mercy Hospital in Barstow after a shoot-out in the Mojave Desert last night. He was found early this morning near a car stolen in Las Vegas yesterday. The unknown assailant...

The Trans-Am pulls to a stop outside the Superior Stamp and Coin Company. Jesse doesn't move.

BLACK GUY
(to Jesse)
Here you go.

Jesse doesn't hear him; he's listening to the RADIO.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
... police, however, have fingerprints. A jacket with a wad of money but no billfold was left at the scene...

BLACK GUY
Isn't this where you wanted to go?

JESSE
(startled)
Huh? Ahm. Yeah, thanks.

84 INT. SUPERIOR STAMP AND COIN COMPANY - DAY 84

Extremely plush, bank-like store. Glass cases displaying gold coins, rare stamps. Arabs, well-dressed Beverly Hillers sit on leather-backed stools at counters, examining valuable stuff under hi-intensity lamps.

Jesse rambles in -- instantly out-of-place. He stops at a fancy reception desk where a chubby SALESGIRL scans a coin catalogue.

JESSE
Tolmatchoff around?

Without looking up, she mutters into a microphone. TOLMATCHOFF pokes his head up from a glass-enclosed office in the rear. He waves Jesse toward him, coming out.

85 ANGLE - JESSE AND TOLMATCHOFF 85

Tolmatchoff swaggers past the display cases to greet and pull Jesse aside. Tolmatchoff's mid-thirties, smooth and easy in a pin-striped suit.

TOLMATCHOFF
Hello, kid.

JESSE
Hey Kemosabe. You got my money?

TOLMATCHOFF
Yah... he dropped it off yesterday. Back here.

Tolmatchoff speaks softly to a mink-clad Celeb-Wife inspecting Krugerrands. She twinkles at him as they pass.

TOLMATCHOFF
(continuing; to Jesse)
So how's Vegas?

JESSE
I had enough. Came back here to see a little lady.

Tolmatchoff reaches half inside his glass office, pulls an envelope from his desk.

TOLMATCHOFF
Here you go -- Payday.

Jesse tears open the envelope.

JESSE
Shit, it's a check. That fuckhead, why didn't he make it cash?

TOLMATCHOFF
(shruggs)
I don't know. I'm just an innocent bystander.

They start toward the front.

JESSE
Can't you cash it?

TOLMATCHOFF
Sorry, all by breadski's tied up in a deal.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: 85

JESSE
What about Berrutti -- is he back from Bolivia?

TOLMATCHOFF
Yeah, I saw him in Venice yesterday.

JESSE
What's his number now?

TOLMATCHOFF
Eight-seven-four-oh-eight-eight-oh.

JESSE
Can I use your phone?

TOLMATCHOFF
Sure. Over there.

Jesse dials, listens to the PHONE RING at the other end. Tolmatchoff surveys the store.

TOLMATCHOFF
(continuing)
So, who's this girl you came to see?

JESSE
A little French schoolgirl... I don't know... something about her eyes --
(into phone)
Is Berrutti there? You know where I can reach him? Tell him Jesse's looking for him... I'll call back.

Jesse hangs up, grimaces at the check, stuffing it into his pocket as he and Tolmatchoff head for the front.

TOLMATCHOFF
(laughs)
You're such a fuck-up.

JESSE
(laughs)
Yeah. Adios, amigo.

Jesse grips Tolmatchoff's shoulder, saunters away and out the front door. The chubby Salesgirl watches him distastefully, then shoots Tolmatchoff the suspicious eye. Tolmatchoff sneers at her, and returns to the Celeb-Wife.

86 EXT. SUPERIOR STAMP AND COIN COMPANY - DAY 86

Jesse heads along Wilshire Boulevard. He slows down, half-casing a parked classic Porsche. Behind him, an unmarked police car pulls into the bus zone at the coin store entrance. A Mutt-and-Jeff pair of Detectives exit the car and enter the store.

Now Jesse turns and heads the opposite direction on Wilshire, just wandering and thinking. As he passes the coin store, we see the Detectives flash their badges at the chubby Salesgirl inside. She points back toward Tolmatchoff.

87 INT. SUPERIOR STAMP AND COIN COMPANY - ANGLE - TOLMATCHOFF - DAY 87

Tolmatchoff's leaning beside the Celeb-Wife, chatting discreetly. The Detectives come toward him: LIEUTENANT WEESE, forty-five, tall, sweaty, pock-faced; and SERGEANT DAVIS, twenty-five, short, blond, mod mustache and haircut. Weese does all the talking, Davis snoops around. Weese breaks into a sweaty grin, glad-handing Tolmatchoff from behind.

LT. WEESE
Say-hey, Tolmatchoff!
(to Davis)
Toldya I smelled something.

Tolmatchoff snaps away from the startled Celeb-Wife.

TOLMATCHOFF
(uneasy)
Hello, Lieutenant.

Tolmatchoff's back-pedalling across the showroom, Weese prodding him.

LT. WEESE
Davis and me were just reminiscing. Remember when you turned in your buddy, Johnny Goddard?

TOLMATCHOFF
(guarded)
Hey -- you needed some help; I gave it to you.

They end up near the chubby Salesgirl's reception desk. Weese pulls out a greasy little notebook.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: 87

LT. WEESE
You're going to do it again.
(reads from notebook)
'Jesse Lujack, also known as Jerry Lee Burns, also known as Jack Burns; six foot one, hundred and seventy-five pounds, age twenty-eight, medium-length sandy hair...' This dump's his last known place of work. A street-punk.

TOLMATCHOFF
Yeah, I know him. He did some deliveries. But that was a year ago.

LT. WEESE
Seen him around lately?

TOLMATCHOFF
No.

The chubby Salesgirl leans toward the detectives.

SALESGIRL
Lieutenant... this is a 'street-punk' person you're looking for?

Tolmatchoff shoots her a stiff look.

LT. WEESE
Yeah. So?

SALESGIRL
(nods toward door)
Somebody like that just left.

SGT. DAVIS
Oh shit!

Davis bumps through customers heading for the front door, Weese right after him.

LT. WEESE
(pointing back at Tolmatchoff)
'Accessory to murder!' Ya know what that means?

The entire store stares. Chubby Salesgirl sticks out her tongue at Tolmatchoff.

88 EXT. SUPERIOR STAMP AND COIN COMPANY - DAY 88

Jesse finishes casing a parked Morgan, lights a cigarette. He heads down some stairs to a below-the-street walkway.

Half a block away, the Detectives rush out of the store, their hands on their hidden holsters. They look in all directions. (But Jesse's disappeared underground.) They jump in their car, race off.

A beat. Jesse emerges across the street from the below-the-street walkway. He starts hitchhiking (in the opposite direction from the way the Detectives went.) A flame-painted Supervan stops for him.

CUT TO:

89 INT. DISABLED VETERANS' THRIFT SHOP - INSERT - JESSE'S HAND 89

with a twenty dollar bill (stolen from Deena.) An old lady's hand takes the twenty and returns two dollars change.

90 EXT. DISABLED VETERANS' THRIFT SHOP - DAY 90

Jesse stands on the street appraising himself in the mirror of the shop window. He's turning up the collar on an old dress-up rodeo jacket; black, short-waisted, cactus outlines stitched on the chest and back. He adjusts his blue-tinted glasses, re-rolls his hat brim. Satisfied with his semi-tough new look, he grins, shoots himself the Okey-doke, walks on.

91 EXT. TAIL-OF-THE-PUP HOT DOG STAND - AFTERNOON 91

TRAFFIC NOISES as a lanky black Countergirl scrapes grease off her face, glancing furtively at Jesse in the b.g. Jesse hunches at a pay phone near the end of the counter, swallowing a hot dog in almost one bite.

JESSE
(into telephone)
... Berrutti's where? Pasadena? When's he back... Okay, where in Pasadena... Yeah, yeah, I know it...

He hangs up exasperated.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: 91

JESSE
(continuing)
Pasadena. How fuck do I get there...

Then he spots a shocking pink Fiat parking in the alley, a goofy pair of Longhairs leaving it. Jesse grins, nodding, a glint in his eye.

CUT TO:

92 INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 92

Dark, except for the light of a gooseneck lamp illuminating open text books and pages of notes on the desk. The RADIO is on softly; a WOMAN'S VOICE speaking soothingly in Spanish. Outside, there is a hot wind -- the Santa Ana.

A match strikes, momentarily lighting up Monica, sitting in the dark, lighting a French cigarette. She puffs pensively, blows out the match, sighs. She's staring at Jesse's oddball little sculpture, intact at the end of the desk, with the rose and note on top. She taps it.

Nearby is a wastebasket; now Monica is staring into it.

93 ANGLE - WASTEBASKET 93

Lying in the trash is the half of the photo Jesse tore earlier -- the half with Paul's face on it.

94 ANGLE - MONICA 94

She is all dressed up, waiting to go out. An ALARM CLOCK RINGS. She gets up, turns it off, gathers up her purse, takes a light sweater from the closet, turns off the gooseneck lamp, and goes out the door. She's forgotten the RADIO; the calm Spanish WOMAN continues TALKING.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT 95

Monica steps up to the bench, rests a hand on it, watches the trees around her thrashing violently. The street light above her sways.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: 95

She sees a low rider Chevrolet pull up to the stop light. A young Chicano couple sitting virtually on top of each other begin to kiss hungrily. Monica stares, tries to force her eyes away, looks back. The car ROARS away, the dark-haired woman turning suddenly to look at Monica, her teeth flashing a smile.

96 ANGLE - STREET 96

A shocking pink Fiat SCREECHES up to the curb. The passenger door flies open, but no one gets out.

97 ANGLE - MONICA 97

She bends to peer inside. It's Jesse behind the wheel, grinning as usual.

JESSE
Anaheim, San Diego, Tijuana, points south...

Monica sidles up to the door, eyeing the Fiat.

MONICA
What happened to your Thunderbird?

JESSE
It's in the shop. Getting fixed. This is just a loaner.

He takes the cigarette from her hand, takes a drag, gives it back.

JESSE
(continuing)
How do you like this wind?

MONICA
It's so hot. I hate it.

JESSE
You can't hate the Santa Ana's, honey, they's stokin' up the fires... Where you going?

MONICA
Oh, it's way downtown. Bonaventure Hotel.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: 97

JESSE
Get in. It's on my way.

Monica hesitates, then climbs in.

CUT TO:

98 EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT 98

Jesse and Monica in the Fiat with the top down. She has her head back, hair rippling in the wind. Around them, scattered cars and trucks, moving fast. Jesse is singing.

JESSE
(sings)
'Everybody tells me love is blind,
Maybe so 'cause I refuse to see,
Everybody tells me things you do,
But I don't care, 'cause I'm a
fool for you...'

Monica listens, a faint smile playing on her lips. Jesse abruptly -- and unnecessarily -- changes lanes, startling Monica. Then, as he continues singing, she realizes it is merely his way of upping the volume of his background "accompaniment."

JESSE
(continuing; sings)
'Maybe lovin' you is not so smart,
'Cause maybe, in the end, you'll
break my heart,
I really shouldn't love you, but
I do,
And I can't stop, 'cause I'm a
fool for you...'

He holds the last note, then whips off his hat. Monica claps.

JESSE
(continuing)
You know who sang that, don't ya?

MONICA
This is the crazy man you tell me about in Las Vegas who marries his sister?

JESSE
His cousin.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: 98

MONICA
He is insane.

JESSE
He's a family man. Jerry Lee Lewis. He married his thirteen-year-old cousin. Yeah, he loved her like I love you.

MONICA
And she has only thirteen years?

JESSE
Aw... you remember when you were thirteen? The hottest summers come at thirteen. You remember. Tossin' around, trying to sleep but you can't. Everything's too hot. Everything sticks to you...

He pauses, watching the road ahead. Monica studies him.

JESSE
(continuing)
Jerry Lee didn't do wrong by her. Life's a damn fever when you're thirteen.

MONICA
You are crazy, too.

JESSE
Crazy enough to love you.

Monica draws her legs up on the seat, shifts around to face Jesse.

MONICA
You use that word a lot.

JESSE
I love you...

He touches her knees. The car lurches.

JESSE
(continuing)
I love you...

He touches her shoulder, her chin... The car swerves wildly. Monica braces a hand on the dashboard, smiling, shaking her head: No, no, no...

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (2) 98

JESSE
(continuing)
I love you...

His hand brushes her breasts. A car in the next lane BLARES it's HORN.

MONICA
No! That is just sex. Nothing to last.

JESSE
You're just scared to see where it goes.

MONICA
Where does it go?

JESSE
To May-he-co, lover! May-he-co!

Abruptly, he swings the steering wheel right, veering across several lanes, throwing Monica against him. Skids to a SCREECHING stop just past an exit.

JESSE
(continuing; shouting)
I have to make a stop.

MONICA
But, I can't be late.

JESSE
Don't worry.

Jesse rockets backwards wildly to the exit, swings down the ramp. A tall, lone palm tree is burning beside the ramp, its top a plume of flames. Jesse and Monica are both caught by the eerie sight. The Fiat pauses for the stop sign at the bottom of the ramp, and they gaze up at the fire.

JESSE
(continuing; laughs)
Goodness, gracious, great balls of fire.

The car takes off.

CUT TO:

99 EXT. LA CHOCHA CAFE (DOWNTOWN L.A.) - NIGHT 99

ESTABLISH a seedy Mexican cafe on Alvardo Street. A group of men in undershirts sits around a foldup bridge table on the sidewalk, playing dominoes.

100 INT. LA CHOCHA - NIGHT 100

Inside is dimly lit. The clientelle is mostly male, mostly Mexican; a lot of low talk, a lot of sharp dressers. A MURMUR goes through the room as Jesse enters with Monica. Jesse nods to a few people as he leads Monica to a booth in the back. He's known here.

MONICA
(sliding into booth)
What is this place? Why are we here?

JESSE
Friend of mine -- guy who owes me money -- he has a kind of office here.

MONICA
(smiles, looks around)
I like it... it's very... sinistre, sinister?

Jesse, not sitting yet, looks around the room.

MONICA
(continuing)
Can we get something to eat? I'm starved.
(apologetic)
I don't have any money.

Jesse hesitates, pats his pockets, feeling to see if he has any. Turning on his grin, he flourishes a menu at her.

JESSE
Sugar, money's my middle name. You order any l'il ol' thing your heart desires...
(jerks his thumb across the room)
I got to go have a word with my man.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: 100

He turns, starts away, digging a hand into his pocket. He pulls out a lone dollar bill, glances over his shoulder to see Monica studying the menu. He moves purposefully toward a man standing in the back, talking on a pay telephone. The man, CARLITO, is in his early twenties, slightly built, and wired like a hummingbird. He wears a loud floral shirt, imitation leather leisure suit, and enormous sideburns that grow down under his chin and almost meet at his adam's apple. He is talking animatedly into the phone, but as he looks up, the sight of Jesse approaching renders him speechless.

JESSE
(continuing; with a grin)
Carlito!

He takes Carlito's hand in a "power" shake. Carlito looks at him stupefied for a moment, then mumbles something into the phone and hangs up.

CARLITO
(to Jesse; urgently)
Are you crazy, man? What are you doing here?

JESSE
Was out in Pasadena all day looking for Berrutti. He been around?

CARLITO
No, but The Man has. Twice! Looking for you.

JESSE
(playing innocent)
For me? What for?

CARLITO
Why'd you do it, man?

Jesse looks down at the ground, runs the scene through his head.

JESSE
I don't know... I don't know. Goddamn gun was just lying there...
(shakes his head)
I gotta find Berrutti.

He glances across the room at Monica.

101 JESSE'S POV - MONICA 101

She is ordering from a Waitress.

102 ANGLE - JESSE 102

He turns from Monica to Carlito.

JESSE
Hey, amigo. Loan me a ten.

CARLITO
(shrugs, embarrassed)
Hey, man, you know me. I got a buck eighty to my name.

A FAT MAN with a Gucci bag on his shoulder and lots of gold around his neck pushes into Jesse, slightly shoving him out of the way. Jesse eyeballs him.

103 JESSE'S POV - THE FAT MAN 103

He pushes through a door marked with a picture of a big sombrero and the word "Caballeros."

104 INT. LA CHOCHA MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT 104

Jesse comes in, sees the corner stall door closed, looks under to see a pair of feet, trousers dangling around the ankles. He goes into the adjacent stall, stands on the toilet seat and looks over the partition.

105 JESSE'S POV - THE FAT MAN 105

The fat Man is sitting on the pot with his pants down. His Gucci bag is hanging from a hook on the door. Jesse reaches over and grabs the bag, batting the Man on the head with it.

FAT MAN
(looking up, startled)
Hey!

106 ANGLE - OUTSIDE STALLS 106

Jesse swivels coolly out of the stall, grabbing a scuzzy mop out of the corner. He jams the mop horizontally between the shut stall door and the wall -- wedging the stall door tightly shut.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: 106

Jesse's dumping all the contents of the bag onto the bathroom floor: combs, pill bottles, coke bottles, joints, keys... He's braced his back against the door, and the fat Man's BANGING AROUND inside the stall, screaming.

FAT MAN
Hey! Stop it! Help, robbery!
You can't! Help, police... etc.

Jesse starts singing louder than the fat Man, using the same words (his version.)

JESSE
(sings)
Help. Hey stop it. Police you can't rob me. Hey, help stop police...

Jesse scoops a wad of money up, starts for the door. He stops, spotting something else in the mess; a red plastic heart on a cord. He grabs it up, turning it over, noticing a switch, clicks it on. The heart lights up. Jesse grins, pockets the heart.

Jesse exits, leaving the fat Man getting stuck trying to crawl out under the stall like a giant June bug.

107 INT. LA CHOCHA - NIGHT 107

The Waitress sets Monica's food in front of her and leaves the check. Monica picks up a huge, overstuffed taco, prepares to take a bite.

Just then, Jesse's hand slaps a ten dollar bill on the table and grabs Monica's arm. She looks up, startled.

108 ANGLE - JESSE 108

He motions her to her feet.

JESSE
Come on, let's get out of here.

MONICA
But...

JESSE
Come on. You don't want to be late, do yuh?

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: 108

She looks at him curiously as he hustles her out.

MONICA
You're a strange man, Jesse Lujack.

JESSE
(sings)
Love... Love is strange...

CUT TO:

109 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT 109

Jesse and Monica in the Fiat, cruising down the deserted business streets. Monica finishing her taco.

Jesse digs in his jacket pocket, pulls out the small red plastic heart on a cord, drops it in Monica's hand. Monica looks at the heart, puzzled.

MONICA
What is it?

He slips the cord around her neck, and flicks the switch on the bottom of the heart. The light inside blinks on and off like a heartbeat.

MONICA
(continuing)
Ohhh, Jesse, it's so cute!

She fiddles with it, delighted.

JESSE
That's my heart. Don't break it.

She looks at him. Can't tell whether he's serious or joking. She kisses him on the cheek.

JESSE
(continuing)
Listen, I'm staying with you tonight.

MONICA
Not tonight. I can't.

JESSE
We don't have to fuck... I'd just like to sleep with you beside me.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: 109

JESSE (CONT'D)
(curls his lip in an Elvis pout)
Don't be cruel.

MONICA
I told you, I can't, Jesse... Why are you so sad?

JESSE
I'm not sad, I'm pissed off.

MONICA
'Pissed off.' What does that mean?

JESSE
I wanna know who this joker is you got your 'appointment' with.

MONICA
He's a professor of mine. He's helping me get a job... It's business.

JESSE
Sounds like monkee-bizzness. You gonna fuck him?

MONICA
That's my business. You Americans, you only think about sex.

JESSE
Sex!? I'm in love with you. And you love me, too... even though you're too chickenshit to admit it.

MONICA
'Chickenshit?'

JESSE
Monica, look at me. I forbid you to see this guy!

Monica suddenly points. The huge golden cylinders of the Bonaventure Hotel loom up ahead of them.

MONICA
Stop! It's over there.

JESSE
(looking around)
I'm gonna park. I wanna meet this jerk.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2) 109

MONICA
(annoyed)
No. Let me out.

Jesse whips the car into the curb, BRAKES SQUEALING, lunges across her and throws open her door.

JESSE
Beat it.

Monica gets out, hesitates, leans back in to say something. Jesse explodes.

JESSE
(continuing)
Get lost. Get away from me, you silly bitch! I don't want to see you anymore.

He PEELS out. Monica watches him speed off, nonplussed.

CUT TO:

110 INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT 110

The lobby rises several stories above the ground. Everything is lights and glass and shiny chrome. Monica looks around; suspended walkways snake above her in the vast interior, open elevators rise and fall in glass cylinders. She hurries toward the elevators. One opens, and Paul steps out -- surprised, beaming.

PAUL
Monica!... Talk about good timing.

MONICA
Hello, Paul.

She takes his hands, offers her cheek. He guides her into the elevator, jumping back in just before the doors close.

111 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT 111

Suddenly alone with Monica, Paul becomes self-conscious. He gapes at the receding people in the lobby below. Monica slides back against the rear wall.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: 111

PAUL
Sorry you had to take the bus. I had to help chauffeur some of the delegates.

He turns to look at her.

PAUL
(continuing)
You look great. So alive.

MONICA
The wind. It's exciting.

112 ANGLE - MONICA 112

She turns to look out through the glass wall. Now they are high enough so that the whole of downtown L.A. is spread out around them; huge dark office buildings, intersecting freeways, twinkling lights in the hills beyond.

PAUL (O.S.)
There's a guy here you want to be nice to. His name is Rossini, he's on the selection committee.

Monica doesn't reply; she's still staring out at the huge, dark landscape of the city.

PAUL (O.S.)
(continuing)
... And tomorrow I wangled a pass for you for the cornerstone laying. Too bad you won't get to meet the old geezer himself... Are you okay?

Monica turns, smiles.

MONICA
Yes. Of course. Why?

PAUL
You seem... distracted.

MONICA
No, I was thinking...
(takes a step toward him)
I would love to work for the great Mr. Cooper. He's a genius, isn't he?

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: 112

Paul watches her. Clearly he finds her fascinating.

PAUL
Have you seen his sketches for the Monash Library?

MONICA
No.

PAUL
Fabulous. I have the whole portfolio at my apartment. You could come over and see it.

They regard each other. Paul grimaces.

PAUL
(continuing; embarrassed)
Jesus, did I really say that? 'Come up to my place, baby, and I'll show you my etchings?'

MONICA
(smiling)
I don't understand.

PAUL
Nothing, just one of the oldest lines in the book. Compris?

The elevator is slowing to stop at the top floor. Monica comes up beside Paul, takes his arm.

MONICA
Maybe tonight I could see them. If we feel good after dinner.

He smiles, surprised. The elevator doors open, and Monica maneuvers him out among the black-tied dinner guests.

MONICA
(continuing)
Now. Show me which one is Rossini.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - NIGHT (LATER) 113

Monica and Paul are waiting at the curb. Other guests are getting into cars and driving away. A Valet pulls up to them in Paul's newish white Volvo.

114 ANOTHER ANGLE - THROUGH THE VOLVO'S BACK WINDOW 114

We can see Monica settling into the passenger seat. Paul slides in behind the wheel, turns, looks at Monica. They kiss.

115 ANGLE - THE FIAT 115

A match flares up behind the steering wheel, illuminating Jesse as he sits idling a few yards behind the Volvo, watching Monica and Paul.

As the white Volvo pulls away, Jesse flicks on his lights and follows.

116 EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT 116

Jesse in the Fiat trails the white Volvo, heading west.

117 ANGLE - JESSE 117

He's silently smoking, watching Monica and Paul. An all news RADIO station BROADCASTS the latest on his trackdown.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
... The police now have a suspect in that cop killing in the Mojave Desert last night. He is identified as Jesse Lujack, 28, a white male from Seaside, New Jersey... Lujack operates under a number of aliases and has a record of car thefts and petty crimes in Pennsylvania and New Jersey...

just JESSE please?

118 JESSE'S POV - THE VOLVO 118

The Volvo pulls up to a red light. Jesse glides up beside Monica's window and looks in.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
... L.A. County Sheriff's Department believes Lujack is at large in the Southland. And may be armed...

119 ANGLE - VOLVO AND FIAT 119

Both Monica and Paul are strapped into their seats with shoulder harnesses, looking straight ahead.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: 119

Monica turns and sees Jesse as he pulls up beside her. They look at each other, neither betraying emotions.

Jesse suddenly ROARS away through the empty intersection, while the light is still red.

CUT TO:

120 INT. HOLLYWOOD ARCADE-NEWSSTAND - NIGHT (LATER) 120

A combination game arcade-newsstand on Hollywood Blvd. (The games are inside, the newsstand outside.) Jesse's inside in a corner phone booth. He's crouched over the receiver, a stack of coins on the little phone-shelf.

JESSE
(into telephone)
I got a clean check to cash, but everybody that used to know me ain't around. I know you don't do checks. What I want to know is have you seen Jimmy Johnson, or what's-her-face, the redhead? Shit. I'm already looking for Berrutti. Thanks anyway.

He slams the receiver down, leaves the booth. He stands a beat, shaking his head. At a loss.

Suddenly, a weird VOICE OVER.

VOICE (V.O.)
Okay, stranger, draw! Slap leather, hombre! Hah-hah... Okay, stranger... etc.

Jesse looks around. He sees that he's standing next to a Western shoot-out game, Top Gun. The weird VOICE comes from this game -- a large film screen facing a row of electric six-guns on metal stands.

The arcade's mostly empty this late at night. A few solitary figures hover over video games along the wall, ringing out ELECTRIC BEEPS and ZEEPS and CLANGS.

Jesse scoops the coins off the phone-shelf, feeds some into Top Gun. He takes a position next to one electric six-gun on a metal stand.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: 120

Now the large film screen in front of Jesse lights up; a film of a life-size GUNMAN walking in a Western street right toward Jesse. The Gunman stops, takes the classic gunfighter's stance -- legs locked, hands dangling by his holsters.

GUNMAN (ON FILM)
Okay, stranger, say your prayers.
Get ready to fill your hand.

Jesse bemusedly plants himself, hand hovering by the electric six-gun.

GUNMAN (ON FILM)
Draw!

They both draw. But Jesse freezes with his electric six-gun half-raised. The feel of the gun in his hand stops him. He looks down at it. The film Gunman SHOOTS.

121 JESSE'S POV - HIS HAND 121

The real-looking electric Colt .45 held in Jesse's hand. O.S., the game's fake gunshots: BOOM. BOOM.

GUNMAN (V.O.)
Gotcha, stranger.

122 ANGLE - JESSE 122

staring numbly down at the electric six-gun.

123 ANOTHER ANGLE 123

Nearby a pudgy KID in big glasses turns away from losing his video game to watch Jesse.

Now a SECOND GUNMAN appears on the film screen in front of Jesse, challenging him. Again, Jesse doesn't shoot, just half-raises his arms, electric six-gun dangling. The second film Gunman DRILLS Jesse.

The kid moves beside Jesse, nudges him.

KID
Hey, shoot. Shoot him.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: 123

A THIRD GUNMAN appears on the film screen. He strides toward Jesse. The Kid pokes at Jesse's gun hand.

KID
(continuing)
C'mon, blast the sucker.

Jesse looks down at the Kid poking him. Jesse's jogged out of his thoughts. He grins at the Kid, starts to shoot. But too late. The Gunman on film FIRES first. Jesse reels back, fake-clutching his side, dropping his electric six-gun.

The Kid trails as Jesse mock-staggers across, and falls into the driver's seat of a car racing game, Night Driver. Jesse feeds quarters into a slot and clutches the wheel, still playing wounded. A film of a winding road pops up on a screen in front of him.

Jesse stomps on the machine's gas pedal, and steers frantically, trying to keep on the film road.

124 JESSE'S POV - THE FILM ROAD 124

His car misses a hair-pin turn and goes crashing into a retaining wall. The image on the screen EXPLODES in a cartoon of fire and smoke.

MATCH CUT ~~TO~~: Keep scene

125 EXT. NEWSSTAND - INSERT - "SILVER SURFER" COMIC BOOK - NIGHT 125

An explosion in one comic book frame nearly matches the cartoon fire and smoke explosion in the car racing game. CAMERA ROVES SLOWLY FROM FRAME TO FRAME in the comic book as though browsing through the story. Heroic actions, fantastic color artwork.

KID (V.O.)
You like the Silver Surfer?

126 EXT. NEWSSTAND - NIGHT 126

Jesse's reading a "Silver Surfer" comic book at the newsstand on Hollywood Blvd. The Kid's watching him. Jesse lowers the comic, regards the Kid with detached curiosity.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: 126

JESSE
Yeah, I like the Surfman.

KID
(provocative)
I think he's a jerk.

JESSE
(calmly)
No, man, he's a hero. Trying to save the earth from Galactus. What's wrong with that?

A VENDOR works a few feet away, cutting the wires from around a bale of newly-delivered newspapers.

KID
He's crazy. Earth don't want him. They're always after him -- the cops, the Army. And he could get away any time he wants, he's got the power cosmic. Only a jerk would stay around when he could go.

JESSE
(heated)
He stays 'cause he likes it here on earth.

KID
He's a jerk.

JESSE
Aw, why don't you go lie in the road for a spell?

KID
He knows that humans are all fucked up. Life on earth has no meaning, it's chaos, it's out of control. So fuck it. He should just leave, take off... he's got the power cosmic.

JESSE
Yeah, but he wants to help people out. He's a good guy.

Now the Vendor tosses a bale of new newspapers right near their feet. Jesse glances over absently to check the front page.

127 JESSE'S POV - THE FRONT PAGE 127

A thick headline:

CHiP DIES IN DESERT
SLAYER SOUGHT IN SOUTHLAND

And under it a head-shot of the dead cop. The face is surprisingly young, the eyes look straight up at Jesse.

128 CLOSE ANGLE - JESSE 128

He's devastated.

KID (V.O.)
The Silver Surfer sucks.

129 ANOTHER ANGLE 129

Jesse jerks toward the Kid.

JESSE
Will you fuck off, you dorky little bastard?!

The Kid jumps a step back, frightened. Jesse's anger goes as he sees the terror on the Kid's face. The Vendor jumps up straight, looking around. He grabs at the Kid.

VENDOR
C'mere.

He hustles the Kid along the sidewalk.

VENDOR
(continuing)
I catch you around here again, I'm really going to beat your ass.

He reaches the end of the area covered by his awning and shoves the Kid forward, kicking at him, entangling his foot with the Kid's feet. The Kid flies forward across the sidewalk, throwing up an arm to keep from crashing into a parking meter. Jesse hurls his comic book down.

JESSE
Hey, man, what's with <u>you</u>?

129 CONTINUED: 129

Jesse scoops up a handful of magazines, hurls the magazines into the street.

VENDOR
Hey!

Jesse throws another armful into the air. The magazines fall with a wild fury of flapping pages.

VENDOR
(continuing)
You crazy son-of-a-bitch.

He closes on Jesse. Jesse drops another load of magazines, turns to him with a murderous smile, arms hanging ominously loose.

JESSE
Yeah, come on. Grab ahold of me, too.

The Vendor senses danger, freezes. Jesse grabs another armful of magazines, throws them at the Vendor. The Vendor turns, runs off down the sidewalk.

VENDOR
Police! Help! Police!

Jesse looks at the crowd of Hollywood freaks who have gathered; hookers, pimps, interplanetary trippers, gay hustlers, servicemen, gawking middle-Westerners. Jesse's eyes fall on the Kid.

The Kid scrambles over for some girlie magazines, hustling off. Soon the others are ripping off magazines, hustling away with arms full of them. Jesse hears a whooping SIREN very close by.

Jesse darts away, joined by the looting crazies. Together they dash up the sidewalks and across the boulevard to a chorus of angry CAR HORNS.

CUT TO:

130 EXT. LAURELVIEW APARTMENTS - NIGHT (5:30 A.M.) 130

The sun isn't up yet, but the sky is light behind the hills. The streets are deserted.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: 130

A taxi pulls up, deposits Monica at the front gate, pulls away. She yawns and stretches, looks at her reflection in a window. She checks out her waistline from several angles. She takes out her keys and opens the gate.

131 INT. *MONICA'S ROOM - NIGHT (5:30 A.M.)* *131*

Jesse is asleep in Monica's sofa-bed. The door slams O.S. Jesse wakes with a start and reaches under the pillow, as if for a gun. Then he sees it is Monica.

MONICA (O.S.)
Oh, no.

JESSE
(flashing crooked smile)
Buenos dias, sinyorita!

She's a bit strung out, and not at all ready to see him.

MONICA
What are you doing here?

She crosses to the dresser by the bed and rummages through the drawers.

JESSE
There was no room at the Beverly Wilshire. So I came here.

MONICA
There are plenty of other hotels.

JESSE
Not for me. I always stay at the Beverly Wilshire.

MONICA
You're really crazy.

Jesse twists over in bed, and reaches for her. She sidesteps and heads for the bathroom.

JESSE
Come on, don't you even say hello?

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

MONICA
Why can't I ever be alone when I want to be alone?

She disappears into the bathroom, and slams the door. Jesse jerks upright in bed, bare-chested. He has a homemade broken-heart tattoo on his chest.

JESSE
Monica! Did you fuck your teacher last night? Didya?... Answer me.

MONICA (O.S.)
Leave me alone, I'm thinking.

A beat.

JESSE
Monica, you didn't come home last night.

Monica abruptly comes out of the bathroom in a bikini, a towel over her shoulders. She's heading for the door.

MONICA
It is last night, and I am home. My home. Not yours.

She exits, slamming the door.

CUT TO:

132 EXT. LAURELVIEW APARTMENTS POOL - SUNRISE 132

The sun coming up behind the hills casts long shadows over the steaming pool. Monica is swimming laps. Her body is lean and muscular and sexy as it churns aggressively through the water.

133 ANGLE - JESSE 133

He's barefoot, bare-chested, coming down the outside stairs. He's got on pants, his hat, and a cigarette in his mouth. He slouches across the empty pool-patio, strides to the end of the diving board and hunkers down. He watches Monica.

134 JESSE'S POV - MONICA 134

She's swimming four feet under the water. Silver bubbles stream down her back and between her legs -- she looks a little unearthly; shimmering.

Now she breaks up into the air at Jesse's end of the pool, gasping for breath. She shoves her hair out of her face, opening her eyes. She looks up at Jesse, radiant and breathless.

135 ANGLE - JESSE 135

He's squinting at her, smoking.

MONICA (O.S.)
Why are you looking at me?

JESSE
Just looking at you.

She closes her eyes, spreads her arms and floats backward under the diving board. Her stomach quivers, her breasts rise and fall; she's still catching her breath.

136 ANOTHER ANGLE - JESSE AND MONICA 136

Jesse flips away his cigarette, drops flat on his belly on the diving board. He bends down and grabs Monica under her arms, lifting her halfway out of the water. Her eyes blink open.

He kisses her. It's a long, sexy kiss. When they break, they're both a little breathless.

JESSE
You shoulda stayed with me last night.

MONICA
I couldn't.

She slips back into the water.

MONICA
(continuing; catching her breath)
I'm trying to make a career for myself, Jesse. You know this is very important to me.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: 136

JESSE
No. What's important, my little chicken enchilada, is for you to go to Mexico with me.

MONICA
(shrugs)
Maybe. I don't know.

He reaches for her foot, but she snakes away, just out of his reach. Jesse starts to do a head stand on the diving board.

JESSE
When will you know?

MONICA
Soon.

Jesse's got his feet up in a perfect head stand. Still with his hat on.

JESSE
'Soon,' 'maybe,' 'sort of' -- they're women's words. Women are so half-assed. It brings me down. With me, it's all or nothing.

He lets himself topple into the pool with a big splash. Monica shrieks, starts swimming toward the other end of the pool.

137 ANGLE - POOL 137

Jesse swims up under Monica. He grabs her, wriggling and mock-struggling.

JESSE
(pulls her into his arms)
Why are you so afraid to sleep with me again?

She turns toward him, pauses, looks at him. She brushes his hair back from his face.

MONICA
Because you scare me. I don't know what you want from me.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: 137

JESSE
Everything.

MONICA
That's too much.

JESSE
What do you want from me?

MONICA
I don't know... Something.

JESSE
That's not enough.

She looks at him, realizing for the first time that maybe he's serious. She looks hard at him for a beat. He nods at her. He grabs her, pulls her close.

JESSE
(continuing)
When you're surprised and afraid at the same time, I want to climb inside of you.

She kisses him tenderly. He moves his leg between her legs, underwater. She squirms against him.

MONICA
Mmmmmnnn. Feels good.

JESSE
If it was some other guy doing this would it feel good?

She kicks him away, insulted. Swims off.

JESSE
You're one of those girls who'll sleep with anyone except the guy who loves her.

MONICA
You're like one of those rides at Disneyland. Agh. You make me dizzy.

138 ANOTHER ANGLE 138

Monica pushes herself into a corner of the pool, turning and pulling a little up out of the water.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: 138

Jesse gets his wet hat, and sets himself in the opposite pool corner. They bob a beat, watching each other.

JESSE
Show me your tits.

MONICA
What for?

JESSE
Forget it. Show me your toes. A woman's toes are very important.

She doesn't show her toes either.

MONICA
I'd love to know what's behind that face of yours... I stare at you for ten minutes, and I can't tell anything ... nothing, nothing.

JESSE
What do you want to know? I'm from earth. I'm a person. I love you.

MONICA
(laughing)
That's not enough.

She dives underwater, slithers across the bottom of the pool, and comes up belly-to-belly with Jesse in the corner.

She kisses him playfully on the chin. He doesn't respond.

She traces the outline of the broken-heart tattoo on his chest.

MONICA
(continuing)
Jesse...

JESSE
What?

MONICA
Say something nice.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: (2) 138

JESSE
Like what?

MONICA
I don't know.

JESSE
(shrugs her off)
I don't know either.

He swings up out of the pool and goes up the stairs three at a time, his pants and hat dripping. She watches him thoughtfully. The big black dog seen earlier wanders in, sniffing the concrete.

CUT TO:

139 INT. MONICA'S ROOM - DAY 139

Jesse's on the phone, pulling wet things out of his wet pants pockets.

JESSE
(into phone)
... Okay... call back when? Five O'clock? Berrutti'll be there at five o'clock. Will do...

He hangs up, immediately dials again, spreading his wet stuff on the windowsill to dry in the sun.

JESSE
(continuing; into phone)
Hello, Strand Auto Parts? Hello, Mr. Birnbaum?... Is he gonna be there this afternoon? Tell him I'm coming by...

Monica comes in, heads straight for the bathroom.

JESSE
(continuing; into phone)
Mario called him about me... from Vegas. Jack Burns... I'm supposed to bring him a little foreign job... Jack Burns. Yeah, this afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: 139

MONICA
A little foreign job?

JESSE
Not you. The car.

He hangs up the phone. Monica disappears into the bathroom. Jesse shouts after her.

JESSE
(continuing)
Hey, I thought of something nice.

She reappears in the doorway.

MONICA
What?

JESSE
I want to sleep with you again because you're beautiful.

MONICA
I am not.

JESSE
Okay, then, because you're ugly.

MONICA
Right.

She disappears again into the bathroom. Jesse turns on the TV, leaving the sound off, flicks idly through the channels.

JESSE
Monica, come over here!

MONICA (O.S.)
No!

140 ANGLE - THE BATHROOM DOOR 140

Monica comes out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel, idly crosses to the window. She fingers Jesse's wet cards on the windowsill.

MONICA
Is this your driver's license?

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: 140

JESSE
(lying)
What? No, it's my brother's.
Mine's in the car.

Jesse comes up behind her, tries to undo her towel.

MONICA
What are you doing?

JESSE
Undoing your towel.

MONICA
Stop it, Jesse.

JESSE
You're such a chickenshit. What's the point?

MONICA
'Chickenshit.' What does it mean?

JESSE
Means you got no guts. You're a coward.

MONICA
(re the driver's license)
But the name here is 'Jack Burns?'
How can he be your brother?

JESSE
(lying badly)
Oh, yeah. Well, he's not my real brother. When he was born my mother was already divorced.
(changing the subject)
So how ya doin', baby?

MONICA
I'm fine. Just fine.

She picks up a cigarette. She strikes a match but it doesn't light.

MONICA
(continuing)
How do you know I'm a chickenshit?

She strikes the match several more times, but it still doesn't catch.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2) 140

JESSE
When a girl says she's just fine, and then can't even light her cigarette... well, then, you know she's afraid of something. I don't know what, but she's afraid.

Monica strikes her match one more time. It lights. She looks Jesse straight in the eye as she lights her cigarette.

He pulls her onto the bed. Holds her there. Looks her in the eyes. He takes the cigarette out of her mouth, and flips it out the window. He slips his hand under her towel.

JESSE
(continuing)
If you were with another guy, would you let him touch you like this?

MONICA
You already asked me that.

She closes her eyes.

JESSE
What're you doing?

MONICA
I'm trying to shut my eyes very tight. So everything goes black. But it never gets completely black.

She opens her eyes.

MONICA
(continuing)
You know, you said I was afraid. It's true. I'm afraid because I'd like you to love me and then... I don't know... I wish you wouldn't love me. You don't fit into my plan for my life.

JESSE
Then you better change your plan, darlin'. Anyway, don't worry. I don't love you the way you think.

MONICA
How do you love me?

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (3) 140

JESSE
Not the way you think.

MONICA
You don't know what I think.

JESSE
Yes I do.

He rests his head on her stomach.

MONICA
You don't know what I'm thinking about now.

JESSE
I do.

MONICA
I might be pregnant, Jesse.

Jesse pulls up abruptly.

JESSE
Hunh?

She giggles at the expression on his face.

MONICA
You heard me.

JESSE
Who by? Me?

MONICA
I think so.

JESSE
You go see a doctor?

MONICA
I go see one Thursday.

Jesse looks at her for a long time. Then grins.

JESSE
A little muchacho for you and me.

MONICA
(evenly)
Maybe. It's not for sure.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (4) 140

He kisses her, puts his hand on her belly. She puts her arms around him, pulls him to her.

Just then, the PHONE RINGS. Monica jumps, starts to reach for the phone. Jesse stops her.

The phone ANSWERING MACHINE CLICKS on. Jesse kisses Monica again. In a moment there is a BEEP, then we hear Paul's voice, very faint. Jesse reaches over, turns up the volume.

PAUL (V.O.)
(through answering machine)
... just an incredible break for you. It seems the old geezer wasn't due in town for another week, but yesterday he decided he couldn't miss the cornerstone laying... So, he'll be here tomorrow, and you'll meet him.

Monica sits up in bed.

PAUL (V.O.)
(continuing)
I guess the old guy couldn't resist the idea of getting his face on the six o'clock news.

Monica turns to Jesse, elated.

MONICA
Oh, Jesse, this is wonderful news for me.

Jesse stares back at her blankly. Monica, momentarily hurt by his indifference, gets up and goes toward the bathroom.

PAUL (V.O.)
And one more thing. I enjoyed last night enormously... Ciao.

REVISED PAGES

The BEEP SOUNDS. Monica disappears into the bathroom and shuts the door.

141 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 141

Monica stares at herself in the bathroom mirror, long and hard. She covers her face with her hands, then takes them away.

142 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 142

Jesse swings his legs off the bed, stares at the floor, fumbling a cigarette into his mouth.

143 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 143

Monica slips out of her towel, puts a hand on the shower door, pauses, listening to the silence.

144 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 144

Jesse pulls on his cigarette; hears the SHOWER go on in the bathroom, looks up at the silent TV.

145 ANGLE - TV SCREEN 145

Jesse's face fills the screen. It is the picture of him (long-haired, by the hot dog stand) that Deena had stuck in her mirror.

146 ANGLE - JESSE 146

Jesse lunges at the TV set, switches it off. He wanders to the window, looks out numbly.

147 JESSE'S POV - LAURELVIEW APARTMENTS COURTYARD - DAY 147

Other TV sets glow behind the curtains of neighboring apartments.

148 ANGLE - JESSE 148

He turns and looks over toward the bathroom door. Abruptly, he begins to sing.

JESSE
'Caught in a trap,
Can't walk out...'

He heads for the bathroom, singing.

149 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 149

Steam's filling the room. Monica's outlined behind the smoked-glass shower door. Jesse comes in, drops his pants in a puddle on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED: 149

JESSE
(sings)
'Because I love you too much,
baybee...'

He opens the shower door, revealing Monica, naked, luscious-looking under the spray.

JESSE
(continuing; sings)
'Why can't you see
What you're doing to me?
When you don't believe a word
I'm sayin'...'

MONICA
Jesse, what...?

Jesse steps into the shower, closing the door. They move around in the shower. We can't see exactly what's going on through the smoked-glass, but it looks like monkey bizzness. Jesse keeps singing.

MONICA
(continuing)
Jesse...

JESSE
(sings)
'We can't go on together,
with suspicious minds!!
And we can't build our dreams
on suspicious minds...'

MONICA
Jesse...

Then Monica's hands grip over the top of the shower door. Her heels slide up the wet smoked-glass door.

CUT TO:

150 INT. MONICA'S BEDROOM - DAY 150

It's early afternoon, and Monica's room is filled with tranquil yellow light. Jesse and Monica lie on their backs, his head between her legs, her hand in her hair; the two of them glistening with sweat, staring at the shifting patterns of light on the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: 150

MONICA
In Mexico...

JESSE
Yeah.

MONICA
Is it hot?

JESSE
Yeah. Hot.

MONICA
And... can we live in a house of grass...? By the sea...?

JESSE
Sounds good.

MONICA
And can we make love in a... a... what do you call those things...? Like a net?

JESSE
A hammock.

MONICA
Can we make love in a hammock?

JESSE
Yeah...

He rolls over, looks up her body.

JESSE
(continuing)
You, me, the hammock...

MONICA
... the sea...

JESSE
And a great big ol' bottle of mescal.

He starts to creep slowly up her body as he speaks.

JESSE
(continuing)
And we drink it from each other's mouths... once before... and once after.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: (2) 150

She pulls his face to hers, and they kiss; a slow, deep kiss. Then she ends it, pulling away, eyes shining.

MONICA
We would become drunkards...

He traces a finger over the contour of her breast. Suddenly, she slips out of bed, ducks into the bathroom.

MONICA (O.S.)
(continuing)
What time is it?

Jesse glances out the window, shrugs.

JESSE
Two-thirty, three... Come on, let's sleep 'til it gets dark.

MONICA (O.S.)
I can't. I'm already late for the groundbreaking. Can you drive me?

We hear the SOUND of the SHOWER going on. Jesse jumps out of bed, crosses to the bathroom.

151 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 151

Jesse grabs Monica as she's about to step into the shower.

JESSE
I'll drive you if you stay out of the shower... I want us to smell like we've been fucking.

Their bodies come together like magnets. Another kiss, then Monica slips away, back into the bedroom. Jesse makes faces at himself in the mirror.

Jesse sees the red plastic heart in her purse on the floor. He picks it up, exits the bathroom.

152 INT. BEDROOM - ANGLE - JESSE - DAY 152

He leans against the doorway, watching her apprais-ingly.

153 ANOTHER ANGLE 153

Monica's holding up two dresses to her body, looking in the mirror; yellow virginal summer dress, tight black dress. She turns to show Jesse.

MONICA
Which one?

JESSE
No doubt. Tight black.

She starts slipping into the black one; it's got a slit up the leg. She stops.

MONICA
I don't know.

Jesse crosses to her, puts the red plastic heart around her neck. They kiss again.

CUT TO:

154 EXT. WESTWOOD STREET - DAY 154

Jesse ambles along the sunlit sidewalk, singing to himself, his body loose, relaxed. Fresh, clean Coeds jog by. Jesse flashes his million dollar grin, keeps singing. The Joggers look back at him, each at a different time. Jesse reaches the corner, stops dead.

155 JESSE'S POV - THE FIAT 155

Police crowd around the pink Fiat. A tow truck nearby. Fingerprint men with their little cases dusting the door. Lt. Weese and Sgt. Davis standing nearby, watching.

156 ANGLE - JESSE 156

Jesse does a U-turn, his body stiffening as he walks, shoving his hands into his pockets, hunching up, keeping his pace normal, while his legs are dying to go.

He reaches the next corner, turns, starts to run...

157 EXT. WESTWOOD ALLEY - DAY 157

Jesse's watching a SPORTY GUY in a three-piece suit parking a copper-colored RX-7 sports car in back of a highrise office building. He follows the guy inside.

158 INT. OFFICE BUILDING ELEVATOR - DAY 158

Jesse steps into the elevator first.

JESSE
(to Sporty Guy)
What floor?

SPORTY GUY
Five.

Jesse pushes the five button; it's the top floor. The doors close, the elevator ascends. They watch the number-lights silently, the Sporty Guy eyeing Jesse. The doors open at five. Sporty Guy gets out, looks back at Jesse.

JESSE
Sorry, wrong floor.

159 EXT. WESTWOOD ALLEY - DAY 159

Jesse's distorted reflection on the hood. He flips up the hood, his hands fly toward the starter.

160 EXT. MONICA'S APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY 160

Monica waits and wanders at the curb, blinking heart around her neck. She's wearing the yellow dress again.

Jesse pulls up in the copper-colored RX-7. Monica does a double-take.

MONICA
(getting in)
So many cars in your business.

JESSE
Where's my favorite dress?

MONICA
(smiles)
Isn't a woman allowed to change her mind?

She bends over Jesse, kisses him long and deep, so long we begin to worry.

We hear SIRENS. Jesse apparently doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: 160

MONICA
(continuing)
I feel so... free with you.

They kiss again. The SIRENS seem impossibly CLOSE.

JESSE
(soft)
Then, let's go, sugar... Let's just, go.

She pulls away, looks at him gravely for a moment.

MONICA
Please, Jesse... I can't be late for this meeting...

161 ANGLE - JESSE 161

His hand as he jams the floor shift into first.

His foot as it floors the gas pedal.

His face as they ROAR away with a SQUEAL of rubber, looking at Monica, his expression half angry, half desperate.

162 EXT. VENICE, OCEAN PARK BLVD. - DAY 162

Jesse and Monica in the RX-7 crest the last hill to the beach, seeming for a moment like they will take off over the ocean. Jesse and Monica are staring straight ahead, not speaking.

Monica's eyes scan the narrow streets below.

MONICA
It's down there. Left turn, I think.

Jesse whips the car down into Venice.

JESSE
Come on, say it, Monica. Mexico! Let's go to Mexico and have a baby.

Monica's flattered by Jesse's rowdy attention.

MONICA
We'll see...

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: 162

She kisses him beside his mouth.

JESSE
Forget this college shit. You belong with me.

MONICA
Try to understand me, Jesse. I have to think about the future.

JESSE
The future? Bullshit.

MONICA
(flares up)
Stop calling what I want to do bullshit! What you do is bullshit, too.

JESSE
Bullshit it is. The future is Mexico!

163 EXT. NEAR DEDICATION SITE - DAY 163

Jesse pulls up a couple of hundred feet from the site; a large, bulldozed lot overlooking the ocean. A cluster of people; Architects, Officials, Workmen, Guests, a few bored Reporters and Photographers, gathered around a couple of easels with artist's renderings of the proposed building. Beside them, a huge crane which holds the cornerstone suspended in the air.

Monica steps out of the car, turns back to Jesse.

JESSE
How long's this hole-digging shindig gonna go on?

MONICA
Why don't you come with me? Let me show you my world.

JESSE
(shakes his head)
I got to see a man.

MONICA
About an hour. There's a sidewalk cafe down the way. Why don't you meet me there?

She turns to go, then stops, runs back to give him a kiss, and darts off.

164 ANGLE - JESSE 164

He steps out of the car, watching her as she makes her way down the street toward the crowd of dedicators. Jesse steps over to a newspaper vending machine, trick punches it open, steals a paper. He flips open the paper to a large photo of himself.

165 INSERT - NEWS PHOTO AND HEADLINE 165

Snapshot blowup of Jesse at the hot dog stand (Deena's Polaroid.) Above it:

I-15 KILLER STILL AT LARGE

Photo caption: "The suspect, Jesse Lujack, in a 1975 snapshot."

166 ANGLE - JESSE 166

He's reading avidly. He glances around over the top of his newspaper.

167 JESSE'S POV - OLD MAN 167

A shabby old Man sitting on an orange crate watches Jesse from across the street. He's holding the same newspaper, looking furtively from the inside photo to Jesse and back.

168 ANOTHER ANGLE 168

Jesse puts on his sunglasses, extra-casually slouches back into his car. He shoots a quick look at the old man, who's still eyeballing him. Jesse rams the shift into reverse, snakes backwards up the one-way street, HONKING his HORN.

169 ANGLE - MONICA 169

She thinks Jesse means her. She turns, waves, but he's gone. She turns back toward the ceremony, slipping off the red plastic heart and stuffing it in her purse.

170 ANGLE - OLD MAN 170

He twists a bit on his perch, watching Monica. He gets up with his newspaper and heads purposefully toward a Venice Cop on a bicycle.

171 EXT. DEDICATION SITE - DAY 171

Paul has his arm around Monica's waist, leading her toward the famous DR. COOPER, a rickety, flamboyant old artiste, dressed all in black; shirt, suit, black beret over a shock of white hair, and opaque black sunglasses.

PAUL
Dr. Cooper, I'd like you to meet Monica -- the girl I was telling you about...

MONICA
It's a great honor, Dr. Cooper.

He looks her over, up and down. Doesn't speak.

PAUL
(a bit uncomfortable)
She's a candidate for the fellowship. To work with you...?

Cooper just stares at her blankly, then suddenly speaks.

DR. COOPER
You're the one studying Le Corbusier?

MONICA
Yes, I...

DR. COOPER
(cutting her off)
He was such a tight-assed old twit.

In the b.g., the huge crane begins to swing the corner-stone around as Workmen prepare the ground beneath it.

MONICA
It's true, he was obsessed by order, but...

DR. COOPER
Yes, and where were the non-conformists in his world? Where were the dreamers? What was the idiotic remark of his that everybody quotes?

MONICA
(glances at Paul)
'One dream multiplied by one million equals chaos...'

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: 171

DR. COOPER
Exactly. But chaos is here, it's what we live in. What Godly good is there in denying it? In the work that I and my associates do, we accept chaos, we confront it, we integrate it.

MONICA
(warm laugh)
It sounds so dangerous... I would love to have the honor of learning from you.

Dr. Cooper eyes her again, his expression suddenly blank. An AIDE takes his arm.

AIDE
They're ready for you, Doc.

Dr. Cooper turns away. Monica looks at Paul. He shrugs, frowns.

CUT TO:

172 EXT. SOUTH L.A. CAR PARTS JUNKYARD - DAY 172

Acres of foreign cars carcasses. Piles of bumpers, engines, wheels, etc. A few sheds where cars are being dismantled, stripped, repainted.

Jesse noses the RX-7 through the gate, pulls up near a dumpy office. HONKS the HORN.

173 ANGLE - OFFICE DOOR 173

A chunky guy, BIRNBAUM, mid-forties, Bermuda shorts, red jacket, red golf hat, wanders out, chewing a cheese sandwich and reading the newspaper. He strolls toward the RX-7.

174 ANGLE - RX-7 174

Jesse REVS the ENGINE, watching the man.

JESSE
I'm Jack Burns. You Birnbaum?

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED: 174

BIRNBAUM
Yes, Mr. Jack Burns.

JESSE
I called this morning, did they tell ya?

BIRNBAUM
Yes, Mr. Jack Burns.

JESSE
Mario sent me.

BIRNBAUM
Yes, Mr. Jack Burns.

Birnbaum saunters around the RX-7, appraising it coolly. Jesse smiles at him, smoking.

JESSE
I think we met in Vegas one time, right?

BIRNBAUM
No, Mr. Jack Burns.

JESSE
Nobody called you?

BIRNBAUM
Yes, Mr. Jack Burns, they called, but they said it would be a foreign car.

JESSE
Yeah, you know... but that one fell through.

BIRNBAUM
(shrugs his hands)
So nu?

Jesse slides out of the RX-7, leaving the door open and the MOTOR RUNNING.

JESSE
So, what about this one?

Birnbaum scoots behind the wheel. He's flicking dashboard switches, REVVING the ENGINE and listening to it. He nods a little satisfied sneer.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED: (2) 174

BIRNBAUM
(squints at Jesse)
Twelve hundred.

Jesse sticks his hand out to shake.

JESSE
Done!

But Birnbaum ignores Jesse's hand, lifting himself out of the car.

BIRNBAUM
But I got a little problem -- can't let you have the money till next week.

JESSE
(coolly)
You fucker.

Birnbaum unfolds the newspaper he has under his arm, showing Jesse his picture in the paper.

BIRNBAUM
And you, Mr. Jack Burns?

Jesse stares at Birnbaum blankly.

JESSE
Is it five o'clock yet?

BIRNBAUM
Ten after.

JESSE
Where's the phone?

Birnbaum jerks his head toward the office. Jesse goes in agitatedly. Birnbaum leans against the RX-7, finishing his cheese sandwich.

After Jesse disappears into the office, Birnbaum pops up the RX-7's hood, reaches into the engine. He yanks out Jesse's jumper-wire and tosses it in the brush. The RX-7 STALLS OUT. Birnbaum quietly closes the hood.

175 INT. BIRNBAUM'S OFFICE - DAY 175

Small, messy, dingy place.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED: 175

Jesse pushes aside greasy car parts on the desk, listening into the phone.

JESSE
Berrutti's gone? Yeah, a message. What? ... Yeah. This is Jesse... Meet where?... Bullwinkle's? The club in Venice? Reggae... Yeah?... Eight-thirty, got it. I'll be there...

Jesse hangs up. He glances around to check he's alone, rifles the desk drawers, harried. Then behind him, Birnbaum leans into the doorway, lighting a cigar.

BIRNBAUM
Yer wastin' yer time. I keep my cash in a safe.

JESSE
Advance me five hundred.

BIRNBAUM
No.

JESSE
Fifty.

BIRNBAUM
No.

JESSE
Twenty.

Birnbaum just shakes his head, grinning and puffing his cigar. Jesse exits, shoving Birnbaum out of his way.

176 EXT. SOUTH L.A. CAR PARTS JUNKYARD - DAY 176

Jesse sees the RX-7 has stopped running. He jerks up the hood, slams it down, yells at a lanky Mexican Mechanic passing by.

JESSE
Hey, Pancho, where's my jumper?

Jesse heads for the Mechanic, red-hot. The Mechanic backs up, hesitates, points toward Birnbaum, who's slipping around the side of the office shed.

177 ANGLE - OFFICE SHED 177

But Jesse moves fast, right on Birnbaum's ass. Jesse bangs Birnbaum against the office window.

JESSE
Don't fuck me around, Birnbaum.

BIRNBAUM
Take a walk, punk.

Suddenly the Mechanic jumps Jesse from behind, hooking a tire iron against his throat in a choke hold. Jesse's snapped upright, gasping.

JESSE
(rasping)
You stole my jumper, scumbag.

BIRNBAUM
(smirking)
What're you gonna do -- call the cops?

Jesse explodes in a frenzy. He jumps backwards, landing flat on the Mechanic, spinning and punching crazily. He batters the Mechanic unconscious, leaps at Birnbaum running away. Jesse slams Birnbaum's face with his right fist and elbow, with his left fist and elbow, knees Birnbaum's stomach, jumps on Birnbaum's feet. Birnbaum's wiped out.

Jesse rips out Birnbaum's Bermuda shorts pockets, tearing the short apart, looking for money. He finds a puny wad, about $35, flashes it in Birnbaum's face.

JESSE
This is for my taxi, you little pissant...

Jesse lifts himself up, shoves the money in his pocket, struts cockily across the yard, looking around. The Mechanic, whom he knocked out, is suddenly nowhere to be seen. Jesse begins to move a little faster toward the gate, glancing back over his shoulder.

178 JESSE'S POV - THE OFFICE DOORWAY 178

The still-half-dazed Mechanic stumbles out of the doorway, a gun in his hand.

179 ANGLE - JESSE 179

He takes off through the gate like a bat out of hell.

180 ANGLE - THE MECHANIC 180

He sees Birnbaum, prostrate on the ground, drops his gun and runs toward him.

181 EXT. SOUTH L.A. STREET - NIGHT 181

It's desolate here, a few wrecks at the curb. Jesse races away down the middle of the street, junkyard DOGS marking his retreat; YOWLING and SNARLING behind chain link fences.

CUT TO: - NO SHOT?

182 EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY 182

Monica's face, anxious. The CAMERA BEGINS PULLING BACK, REVEALING first, Paul's hand around her shoulder, THEN Paul himself. In the b.g., we can hear the BUSTLE of PHOTOGRAPHERS lining up their subjects.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)
Next to the easel, please, Doctor... Councilman, can you stand a little closer to Dr. Cooper?...

DR. COOPER (O.S.)
Wait a minute...

183 ANGLE - DR. COOPER 183

The old curmudgeon stands posing with a group of dignitaries by the newly-planted cornerstone of his new project. But he's not satisfied with the set-up.

DR. COOPER
Too many old prunes in this picture. This monument needs a flower.

Polite laughter from the old prunes. Dr. Cooper's eyes find Monica.

DR. COOPER
(continuing)
Come and pose with us, girlie.

184 ANGLE - MONICA 184

Startled, she smiles. Paul kisses her temple, whispers in her ear.

PAUL
Looks like you're in.

Monica crosses to Cooper, radiant, lets herself be pulled into the group. The old prunes make room for her, register approval.

Behind Monica, unseen by her, Lt. Weese and Sgt. Davis approach, running, hot, sweaty and grim in their sport coats. Behind them trail the old Man who spotted Jesse, and the Venice Cop.

185 ANOTHER ANGLE 185

Two lines of people face each other; the Photographers on one side, the posing Dignitaries on the other, a channel between them.

The Cops arrive at the periphery of the crowd. Weese bends an ear to the old Man, who points to Monica. Weese takes a folded newspaper from his pocket and walks deliberately through the space between the Photographers and the Dignitaries, ignoring their protests. He stops dramatically in front of Monica, shoving the newspaper photo of Jesse in her face. She jumps, as if hit by an electric shock.

LT. WEESE
You know this punk?

MONICA
(automatically)
No.

Cries of protest from the Photographers and Dignitaries. "Get out of the way!" "What's going on here?" etc.

LT. WEESE
(ignoring them)
You were seen with him twenty minutes ago. He had his hand on your ass and his tongue in your mouth. So don't tell me you don't know him.

MONICA
(terribly embarrassed)
Please. I...

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED: 185

The crowd begins to press around. Lt. Weese grabs Monica's elbow, begins to lead her away.

LT. WEESE
Come on, girlie. You want to talk to me.

Paul steps up and plants himself in Lt. Weese's path.

PAUL
Just a minute. What's going on here? Who are you?

Lt. Weese flashes his badge as he shoves Paul out of the way.

LT. WEESE
I'm a cop, looking for a cop killer, sonny. Stay out of it.

Monica stops in her tracks, looks at Lt. Weese, horror in her eyes. Paul is speechless. The crowd backs off as Lt. Weese pulls Monica off to the side, once again shoving Jesse's picture in her face.

LT. WEESE
(continuing)
Still want to tell me you don't know him?

MONICA
No, I mean, yes, it's Jesse...

LT. WEESE
Jesse Lujack?

MONICA
Yes. I didn't recognize him. It's such an old picture.

LT. WEESE
Where is he now?

MONICA
I don't know.

LT. WEESE
Watch it, girlie. Don't fuck with the L.A.P.D.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED: (2) 185

MONICA
(panicked)
Please. He's just a guy I've seen four or five times. I met him in Las Vegas. I don't know anything about him.

Sgt. Davis steps up.

SGT. DAVIS
Where'd he go after dropping you?

MONICA
(drops her eyes)
I don't know, I tell you.

LT. WEESE
(sneers)
She's lying.

SGT. DAVIS
There's two freeways within five minutes. He could be anywh --

MONICA
(blurting out)
He's going away.

The two Cops look sharply at her.

MONICA
(continuing; nervous)
Today. Sometime. San Francisco, he's going to San Francisco. He knows someone in San Francisco, a man who owes him money, and Jesse is going to San Francisco to get his money.

They study her. Monica struggles to meet their eyes; wins.

SGT. DAVIS
He say the guy's name?

MONICA
Lewis... a man named Lee Lewis...

LT. WEESE
(quickly, to Davis)
Get it on the air to the Highway Patrol, RX-7, here's the license number.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED: (3) 185

He shoves Sgt. Davis a slip of paper. Sgt. Davis runs back to the unmarked squad car and starts babbling into the radio. Lt. Weese turns to Monica, sliding out his greasy notebook and pen.

LT. WEESE
(continuing)
You're a foreigner, huh? Lemme see your passport.

She digs around in her purse. Lt. Weese notes the blinking plastic heart.

LT. WEESE
(continuing)
You kids sure like trash, huh?

Monica hands him her passport without answering. He thumbs through her passport, writing down its number in his notebook.

LT. WEESE
(continuing; re the passport)
So, France? You got ants in your pants?
(laughs at his own little joke)
You want to get that cute little frog ass in a sling?

MONICA
I don't understand.

LT. WEESE
(heh-heh)
Pardon my French. I'm talking about trouble. Big trouble with your passport. You wouldn't want any of that?

MONICA
No.

Lt. Weese hands her back the passport. And his card.

LT. WEESE
So, if you hear from this Jesse punk, you'll be a good girl and give me a call?

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED: (4) 185

He pinches her cheek a little too hard. Then he turns and heads for the car. Monica stares at Lt. Weese's card. In the b.g., Paul and Dr. Cooper are watching, frowning.

CUT TO:

186 EXT. OCEAN PARK BLVD. - DAY 186

Monica's walking anxiously along the beachfront street that is clogged with Rollerskaters, Surfboarders, Beach Folk.

Suddenly, Paul appears walking beside her, hands in his pockets, affecting an air of slightly forced nonchalance.

PAUL
Don't look now, but some gumshoe is following you.

Monica turns, looks up the street behind her.

PAUL
(continuing)
No, don't look around...

187 MONICA'S POV - SGT. DAVIS 187

Sgt. Davis stops and turns in mid-step, halfway down the block, trying to look like he's watching the Surfers.

188 ANGLE - MONICA AND PAUL 188

Monica quickens her pace. Paul tries to keep up and remain casual at the same time.

PAUL
You going to meet him now -- the guy they're after?

MONICA
No.

PAUL
Jesus Christ, are you involved with him?

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED: 188

MONICA
No.

PAUL
No... not at all.

189 EXT. THE SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY 189

Now they're in front of the sidewalk cafe. Monica's anxiously scanning the customers at the sidewalk tables, looking for Jesse.

PAUL
You know what you're doing?
You're going to lead the cops
right to him if you're not careful.

Monica's eyes widen, realizing that she's doing exactly what Paul's saying. She pushes on purposefully, picking up her pace.

PAUL
(continuing)
You're a real odd one, Monica.
I guess I never knew you at all.

Paul stays with her. Short Sgt. Davis strolls in and out behind Rollerskaters, on her tail.

After they pass, a taxi crunches to the curb. Jesse flings himself out, shoving money at the Driver. He bolts toward the sidewalk cafe, looking around wildly for Monica. She's not there. Jesse cranes around, searching up and down the street. He spots her.

190 JESSE'S POV - MONICA 190

She's coming to the next corner down the street. Paul's beside her, gesturing and talking headedly.

191 EXT. VENICE STREET CORNER - ANGLE - MONICA AND PAUL - DAY 191

Paul's pulling her to a stop, but she's resisting.

PAUL
(jokey bitterness)
I never had a killer for a rival
before. How the hell can you
top that...

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: 191

MONICA
(not listening)
No, let go, I must go, Paul.

Paul backs off.

PAUL
If you ever need a place to hide out, you know where I live.

192 EXT. THE SIDEWALK CAFE - ANGLE - JESSE - DAY 192

He grins, watching Monica shed Paul. He sees her turn up the side street a block away. He turns and runs up his side street parallel to hers.

193 EXT. MONICA'S SIDE STREET - ANGLE - MONICA - DAY 193

She's alone for a moment. She seems to be walking through a tranquil redwood forest. (It is, in fact, a huge mural of a redwood forest painted on the side of a building.) Partway up the block, she slows -- by a painted majestic waterfall. She leans against the wall, shaking her head, trying to straighten out her thoughts.

Then she glances behind her, sees Davis rounding the corner to keep after her. She quickens her pace again forward.

194 EXT. JESSE'S SIDE STREET - ANGLE - JESSE - DAY 194

He runs headlong. Halfway up the street, he ducks into an alley, trotting to surprise Monica where this alley intersects her street.

195 JESSE'S POV - MONICA 195

She crosses the mouth of an alley, hears Jesse calling her from down the alley.

JESSE (O.S.)
Monica!

She stops, turns, sees Jesse, horrified.

196 MONICA'S POV - JESSE 196

In the alley, coming toward Monica.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED: 196

JESSE
What's the matter, sugar? Ain't you happy to see me?

197 ANOTHER ANGLE - MONICA 197

Monica looks at Jesse desperately. Reacts instinctively. She whirls and jumps at Sgt. Davis, coming toward her up the street.

MONICA
(to Sgt. Davis, shouting)
You! Police! I see you!

Sgt. Davis turns, ignoring her, makes like he's admiring the mural.

198 EXT. ALLEY - ANGLE - JESSE - DAY 198

He freezes in his tracks, ten feet from Monica, then retreats back up the alley.

199 EXT. MONICA'S SIDE STREET - DAY 199

Monica is pointing at Sgt. Davis, who is still feigning innocence. She's shaking with fear and anger.

MONICA
(shouting at Sgt. Davis)
I am talking to you. Do not try to make believe. Why are you following me?

Now people on the street are beginning to stop and stare at Sgt. Davis. Finally, he shrugs, drops the pretense and starts toward Monica.

SGT. DAVIS
You're really looking for trouble, aren't you?

MONICA
I didn't do anything.

200 EXT. ALLEY - DAY 200

Jesse dips behind a parked car.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED: 200

Across the alley, a bearded Man is working on the engine of an old beat-up Karmann Ghia convertible. The hood is up. He glances at Jesse, goes back to work. Jesse watches Monica and Sgt. Davis framed in the mouth of the alley.

201 JESSE'S POV - MONICA AND SGT. DAVIS 201

Sgt. Davis is backing Monica around.

SGT. DAVIS
Where is he? You might as well tell me.

MONICA
But, I told you. He's gone to San Francisco.

202 ANGLE - JESSE 202

He grins as he realizes Monica is lying for him.

SGT. DAVIS (O.S.)
You want to get deported?

MONICA (O.S.)
But, I tell you the truth. He is gone.

Suddenly, Jesse is startled by a loud ROAR. He turns to see the bearded Man REVVING his ENGINE, adjusting the carburator. Jesse looks back up the alley.

203 JESSE'S POV - MONICA AND SGT. DAVIS 203

MONICA
Why don't you leave me alone?

SGT. DAVIS
Come off it, girlie. I'm gonna follow you 'til you lead me to him.

204 ANGLE - JESSE 204

He leaps across the alley, jumps into the driver's seat of the Ghia and throws it into gear. The bearded Man jerks out from under the hood, flabergasted.

205 EXT. MONICA'S SIDE STREET - ANGLE - MONICA AND SGT. DAVIS - DAY 205

They both turn to see this Ghia with the hood up barrelling down on them from the alley. Jesse's sticking his head out of the driver's window to see. Sgt. Davis reaches for his gun.

206 ANOTHER ANGLE 206

Jesse comes out of the alley straight at Monica and Sgt. Davis. They both jump back, widening the gap between them, and Jesse plows straight through it.

Jesse swerves sharply to the right, his fist shooting out. It's happening too fast for Sgt. Davis, and Jesse's fist slams into him. Hits Sgt. Davis so hard it knocks him off his feet backward into the wall, and out cold.

Jesse stomps the brakes, throwing open the passenger door, grinning wildly at Monica. REVVING the ENGINE.

JESSE
You coming, or not?

Monica hesitates, catching her breath in excitement. She glances at Sgt. Davis flattened, maybe barely stirring. She leaps into the car.

Jesse jams the car in gear, taking off fast.

MONICA
How did you know that I would come?

JESSE
You lied for me. That means you love me.

The Ghia surges down the street, veering through traffic.

CUT TO:

207 INT. BULLWINKLE'S - ANGLE - JESSE AND MONICA - NIGHT 207

Jesse shoulders through the crowd on the dark dance floor, dragging Monica in tow -- his manic energy disrupting the slow-motion reggae rhythm of the place.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED: 207

Monica's looking around, wide-eyed, as Jesse heads toward a guy near the bandstand.

JESSE
(to guy)
Berrutti!

208 ANGLE - BERRUTTI 208

BERRUTTI is a gay, black, Rastafarian with long coils of matted dreadlocks sticking out in all directions. He is dancing with an effeminate, teenaged Boy. When he sees Jesse, he grins, surprised.

BERRUTTI
Jesse, mon! What's the word?

JESSE
Jinxed is the word. I'm in a jam.

BERRUTTI
I know that. What do you need?

JESSE
I got a clean check to cash.

BERRUTTI
Lemme see the check. What bank?

JESSE
Welles Fargo.

Jesse's digging out the check. Berrutti grabs his jaw.

BERRUTTI
(to Jesse)
What's that look on your face, mon?

JESSE
(half-grin)
It's love, I guess...

BERRUTTI
(sympathetic)
What a drag.

Holding tight against Jesse, Monica peers wordlessly, taking in the shadowy, cramped niteclub; the mixed black-Rastafarian, white-punk clientele skanking and dipping to the sultry bop of a reggae band, UB 40, on the tiny stage in a haze of marijuana smoke...

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED: 208

Berrutti's nodding, pocketing Jesse's check.

BERRUTTI
Get you the money in the morning.

JESSE
Not tonight? I gotta go. They're on my tail.

BERRUTTI
Not possible. First thing in the morning. Where can I call you?

JESSE
(shakes head)
Tell you what -- you know The Pines?

BERRUTTI
Sure.

JESSE
Meet me there in the morning. Ten-thirty or so.

O.S., the CROWD suddenly BUZZES.

209 ANGLE - THE DOORWAY 209

Two Highway Patrolmen enter the club, hands posed on the butts of their holstered guns. Their entrance spurs a shockwave of MURMURS through the crowd.

210 ANGLE - JESSE AND BERRUTTI 210

They turn, see the cops wading toward them, searching around in the crowd. Jesse pulls back frantically for a way to excape. Jesse grabs the oblivious Monica.

BERRUTTI
(abruptly urgent)
That way. Up the staircase and out the back. There's a fire escape.

211 ANGLE - THE STAIRCASE 211

Behind the bandstand. Jesse propels Monica violently up the staircase, ahead of him.

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED: 211

She stumbles forward, catches herself, but tears her hand on a nail. It bleeds.

Behind them, the club RUMBLES with confusion.

212 ANGLE - MONICA 212

She turns, looks at Jesse, frightened and bewildered. Suddenly, she sees the Cops for the first time. She's freezing up. She looks down at her bleeding hand.

213 ANGLE - JESSE 213

He's shaking her -- his eyes crazy.

JESSE
(desperate)
Monica!...

214 ANGLE - MONICA 214

She's paralyzed. She doesn't move or speak.

215 ANGLE - JESSE 215

He pushes past her.

JESSE
(bitterly)
Chickenshit...

He's heaving himself up the stairs, scrambling.

216 ANGLE - MONICA 216

She snaps out of her trance. She gapes around in panic. She sees the Cops closing in. She whirls and starts after Jesse.

217 EXT. BACK OF BULLWINKLE'S - NIGHT 217

The gigantic yellow brick back wall of the club is bi-sected by an arrangement of metal fire escapes. The top fire escape leads down at an angle from the lone door near the top of the windowless wall.

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED: 217

The fire door bursts open, Jesse stumbling out. He looks around to get his bearings, races down the fire escape.

Now Monica comes running through the fire door.

MONICA
(yelling)
Jesse... wait... I'm coming.

Jesse stops, Monica catching up to him. He grabs her hand, pulling her down the metal steps. SIRENS start up, not far away.

They reach the far end of the walkway. Jesse turns Monica onto the metal ladder that drops into the parking lot. Below her there's a ten-foot drop to the pavement. Now, the RACKET of an approaching HELICOPTER.

She tumbles to the ground, skinning her knees. Jesse jumps after her. He's half-carrying her, dashing across the near-empty parking lot.

The ROAR of the police HELICOPTER swooping overhead. For an instant, Jesse and Monica are caught in the glare of the helicopter's searchlight beam. They lunge behind a lone car, scanning the street before them.

218 THEIR POV - THE STREET 218

Straight across are two large, nondescript buildings; one new, one old. There is a narrow alley between them, blocked by a low wall.

219 ANGLE - JESSE AND MONICA 219

As the helicopter swings into another pass, Jesse and Monica blast across the street. Jesse vaults over the low wall between the buildings, then pulls Monica over after him.

The helicopter's searchlight beam slashes across the now-deserted street. Other RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ECHO onto the street.

220 EXT. ALLEY - CLOSE ANGLE - JESSE AND MONICA - NIGHT 220

The two crouch in each other's arms in the darkness behind the wall.

(CONTINUED)

220 CONTINUED: 220

They're looking into each other's eyes, breathing hard. Their eyes glint with excitement and danger.

Whirling red lights flash across the alley, as a squad CAR HUMS by. Then we hear RUNNING FOOTSTEPS. A Cop appears, pokes a flashlight over the wall, scanning the area, seeing little. Directly below, Jesse clamps his hand over Monica's mouth, holding his own breath. The two press flat against the wall. The Cop drops away into the street, runs off.

221 CLOSER ANGLE - JESSE AND MONICA 221

Their hard breathing gradually subsides as the FOOTSTEPS FADE away. They kiss, their eyes still open, their gazes locked. She pushes her cheek against his and whispers in his ear.

MONICA
Now I know why it's all or nothing with you.

Jesse cocks his head, looking at her.

JESSE
So you're not chickenshit anymore?

Monica takes his hand, shoves it between her legs.

MONICA
Feel me. I'm wet.

Jesse glances around, sensing something.

222 JESSE'S POV - THE ALLEY WALL 222

A huge, elaborate mural covers the wall of the older building. (It seems to have been painted before the newer building was erected. Now it can only be seen from the alley.)

The mural is a highly-detailed painting of an audience in a dark movie theater -- seen from the point of view of the screen. The panorama of half-dark painted faces look like they're watching Monica and Jesse.

At one end of the mural there's a door with an "Exit" sign painted over it, but it's a real door.

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED: 222

Suddenly, Jesse and Monica ENTER THE FRAME, crossing to the mural exit door. Jesse whips a small instrument from his back pocket, and jimmies the door. They slip inside.

223 INT. MOVIE HOUSE - NIGHT 223

Jesse and Monica find themselves behind the movie screen in an almost pitch black movie house. They look up. The back of the movie screen registers the images of a movie in reverse.

224 THEIR POV - THE MOVIE SCREEN 224

On the movie screen, a scene from "Gun Crazy," a classic black and white '50's forerunner of "Bonnie And Clyde."

A man and woman in a crummy hotel room. The woman is seductively slipping on stockings, tempting the man to go wrong. (Woman, Peggy Cummings, looking like a corrupt '50's cheerleader. Man, John Dall, looking like an Ivy Leaguer gone bad.)

MOVIE WOMAN (V.O.)
... I told you I was no good. I didn't kid you did I? Well now you know...

225 ANGLE - JESSE AND MONICA 225

Jesse squints at the movie, curious. But Monica grabs him passionately from behind. She's suddenly kissing him wildly, pulling and bumping at him. A fever of closeup real danger-chase-escape has caught Monica up. She's pitching herself into Jesse fervently, twisting him around.

Jesse's a little thrown -- but he's grinning, a fire in his eyes, too. But he separates from her to check for police in the movie house.

He presses against some curtains, parting them slightly to peek into the movie house.

MOVIE WOMAN (V.O.)
I don't want to be afraid of life or anything else.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

225 CONTINUED: 225

MOVIE WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I want a guy with spirit and guts. A guy who can laugh at anything or do anything. A guy who can kick over the traces and win the world for me...

226 JESSE'S POV - THE AUDITORIUM 226

A Cop is moving down the aisles with a flashlight, shining around on people in the seats, looking for Jesse and Monica.

227 ANGLE - JESSE 227

He ducks back from the curtains. Then he hears Monica whispering.

MONICA
Jesse...

228 ANGLE - JESSE AND MONICA 228

He turns. He sees that Monica's on her back on a pile of old velvet curtains against the back wall. She's lifting her dress, frantically pulling off her panties. She's looking at him hungrily.

Jesse moves toward her.

They're building to white heat. Now Jesse has his hand inside Monica's dress, and she's undoing his belt buckle. Jesse's leaning Monica backward onto the curtain heap. They twist and fall awkwardly onto Monica's handbag. There's a little plastic CRACKING SOUND. Without breaking the kiss, Monica fumbles behind her and pulls the handbag from under her, and pushes it out of the way.

Jesse climbs on top of her. They pull at each other's clothes.

229 INSERT - MONICA'S HANDBAG 229

It's tilted over on its side, half open. The red plastic heart that Jesse gave Monica has spilled out. It's cracked apart, its tiny yellow light blinking dimly inside.

230 CLOSER ANGLE - JESSE AND MONICA 230

Jesse's nuzzling, kissing, touching, going all over her at once. Monica snaking, moaning softly. Her eyes open, blinking, looking past Jesse.

231 CLOSER ANGLE - MONICA 231

Her eyes glow. She is looking both inward and outward at the same time.

MOVIE WOMAN (V.O.)
... You better kiss me goodbye, Bart. Because I won't be here when you get back. Come on, Bart. Let's finish it the way we started it. On the level...

232 ANOTHER ANGLE - JESSE AND MONICA 232

The silhouettes of Jesse and Monica make passionate love against the background of the movie screen.

On the movie screen, John turns back from the door. He can't leave Peggy. He moves toward her and they meet in a soul-shattering kiss.

EXCELLENT SCENE

And "Gun Crazy"'s SOUNDTRACK MUSIC keeps SWELLING madly.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

233 EXT. FOX VENICE THEATRE - NIGHT 233

The marquee is dark. The street deserted and silent. Jesse and Monica slide out a side door. Jesse points and they dart toward an underground parking lot across the street.

234 INT. HOTEL UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT 234

About a hundred parked cars. No people. Jesse and Monica move down the staircase, looking around.

JESSE
See one you like?

Monica points to a red convertible Cadillac Eldorado.

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED: 234

MONICA
This one?!

JESSE
(nodding, grinning)
Eldorado!

235 CLOSER ANGLE - THE CADILLAC 235

Jesse squats beside the locked Cadillac, sliding a small instrument out of his boot. He inserts and punches the point of this instrument along the edge of the door frame near the handle. He trips the lock, yanks open the door.

236 INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT 236

Jesse reaches and pops off the chrome ring around the ignition. Then he twists the instrument into the ignition switch, starting the car. All done in forty-five seconds.

JESSE
(turns to Monica)
You drive it, hon.

Jesse climbs into the back seat. Monica takes the wheel.

MONICA
But when I get to the gate, what about the attendant?

JESSE
Just give him a five. Talk a little French. He'll love ya.

Monica pulls out and heads up the ramp. Jesse leans over her shoulder.

JESSE
(continuing; crooked grin)
Look at you, driving a getaway car. Ain't you scared?

MONICA
Yes.

JESSE
You like it, don't ya?

(CONTINUED)

236 CONTINUED: 236

MONICA
Yes!

They kiss, excited. Jesse's hand goes between her legs. She lets out a moan. Her foot hits the brake. The Cadillac bumps to a stop. They kiss desperately. When they break, Monica looks at Jesse, takes a deep breath, turns and drives on.

As they approach the exit, Jesse squeezes down onto the floor of the back seat. Monica edges to a stop at the exit booth. She leans out, smiling confusedly at the ATTENDANT. She waves a five-dollar bill.

MONICA
(continuing; heavy accent to Attendant)
Sorry, excuse me. My ticket I forgot, sir.

ATTENDANT
Too bad. Gotta charge you the full rate.

MONICA
Sorry. This much dollars okay?

Attendant takes the five-dollar bill, lifting the gate bar.

ATTENDANT
Yeah, sure. Have a nice night.

MONICA
Yah, sure.

Monica heads out.

CUT TO:

237 INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT 237

With the top down, the L.A. night surrounds them. The billboards of the Sunset Strip float by like clouds over the endless plain of L.A. lights.

Jesse is behind the wheel, Monica is scrunched over against the passenger door. They aren't speaking. They both stare out at the road ahead, coming down from the dual highs of orgasm and escape.

CUT TO:

238 EXT. THE PINES ENTRANCE GATES - NIGHT 238

At the top of a steep, dark street (Fuller Avenue), a big, rusting wrought iron double gateway splattered with graffiti. A tarnished bronze plaque reads "The Pines."

Jesse pulls up to the gate, gets out and unwires the gate and opens it.

239 INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT 239

Jesse drives uphill on a steep, narrow, overgrown blacktop driveway. Monica peers curiously out at the wild tangle of trees and underbrush.

MONICA
What is this place.

JESSE
You ever hear of Errol Flynn, famous crazy fucker and movie star?

MONICA
Yah, sure.

JESSE
This was his spread.

MONICA
(looking around)
This?... Ah! I remember! This was a famous estate. Florey designed it in the twenties. Or was it Neutra?
(laughs)
I can't even remember anymore. But it's a very beautiful house.

JESSE
(cutting her off)
Oh, yeah?

He whips the car around and stops so the headlights plunge into the underbrush.

JESSE
(continuing; angry)
Well, there it is now.

Monica looks.

240 MONICA'S POV - THE STAIRS 240

Now the wide marble stairs lead to nowhere. The house is gone. The rubble is overgrown with brush.

MONICA (O.S.)
Oh, how sad...

JESSE (O.S.)
You think he built it for the future? 'Cause now is his future, only ol' Errol ain't here.

CUT TO:

241 INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT 241

The car is moving along a narrow dirt track that veers sharply up toward the top of the hill. Jesse is grim-faced at the wheel. Monica watches him warily.

MONICA
Why are you angry, Jesse?

He looks at her, turns on an unconvincing smile.

JESSE
Me angry, sugar? Pshaw...
(points off to the right)
Look.

She looks.

242 MONICA'S POV - THE TENNIS COURTS 242

The ruins of Errol Flynn's tennis courts. On the court is a group of scruffy, young Teens. Two of them duel with light-up "Star Wars" swords.

MONICA (O.S.)
This is where we stay tonight?

JESSE (O.S.)
Yeah, we got the Honeymoon Suite up at the top. Right by the pool, with a view.

243 EXT. THE PINES, TOP OF THE HILL - NIGHT 243

The Cadillac pulls up under the spreading limbs of a huge oak tree next to a crumbling stone wall. Before them, a spectacular sweeping view of nighttime L.A.

244 ANGLE - JESSE AND MONICA 244

They watch the view, not speaking. Monica drops her eyes to examine the cut on her hand. It's still bleeding a little.

MONICA
You are angry because of what happened at that nightclub. I wouldn't go with you. When there was the fight.

JESSE
(shrugs)
You got hurt. You froze up.

MONICA
No, Jesse. I wanted you to leave me there.

Jesse grabs her hand, looks at her cut.

JESSE
You were just scared.

He rips a piece of cloth from his T-shirt, cleans the cut, binds it with the piece of his shirt.

MONICA
What does 'jinxed' mean?

JESSE
What?

MONICA
Your friend back there. You told him you were 'jinxed.'

JESSE
Jinxed means you got the Devil's blessing.

Monica watches him fixing up her cut.

MONICA
How much money will you get from Berrutti?

JESSE
Enough for a while.

MONICA
What will we do in Mexico when the money is finished?

(CONTINUED)

244 CONTINUED: 244

JESSE
Get more.

MONICA
How? Become thieves?

Jesse ties the knot on her bandage, drops her hand abruptly.

JESSE
(angry)
What's the difference? We won't go hungry.

He jumps out of the car, grabs a handful of stones, starts pitching them off the cliff. After a moment, Monica gets out, comes up behind Jesse.

MONICA
Don't be mad with me, Jesse.

He turns on her, fierce with anger and hurt.

JESSE
What are you asking fool questions for? Always wanting to know the future? How the hell do I know the future? How the hell do you? Look at me, baby. Nobody knows it. Nobody. So fuck it. Roll the dice.

Her face begins to take on that familiar look of anguished uncertainty.

MONICA
I don't know, Jesse. I need one thing to lead to another. Not everything crazy like you live. My life must make sense.

JESSE
You think your life makes sense?

She turns away, shaking her head.

MONICA
I don't know.

JESSE
You don't know, you don't know... Shit, half the time, you can't even make up your mind what dress you're gonna wear.

(CONTINUED)

244 CONTINUED: (2) 244

MONICA
You're right. I'm weak. You can't count on me.

JESSE
I'll tell you what makes sense. You have a feeling, and it makes you alive. And you got to be true to that feeling, and go with it, all the way to the end.

MONICA
(to herself)
All the way to the end...

He turns her around, makes her face him.

JESSE
I'm going all the way with you, baby. You going all the way with me?

She looks into his eyes, want and doubt welling up into tears. She throws her arms around him, buries her face in his chest, sobbing.

MONICA
Hold on to me, Jesse. Make me do it... make me... go... all the...

He cradles her in his arms. She sobs and sobs and sobs.

245 WIDER ANGLE - JESSE AND MONICA 245

Arms entwined, standing together under the big oak tree, beside a crumbling stone wall. Gradually, they grow aware of muddled SINGING coming from somewhere nearby. Monica raises her head, listening.

MONICA
What is that?

JESSE
Aw, this place is always crawling with bums at night. The cops don't hassle them up here.

They listen together for another moment.

MONICA
They sing very nice. Everybody sings in America, don't they?

246 JESSE'S AND MONICA'S POV - THE SWIMMING POOL 246

On the other side of the wall, a ruined patio with the rotting shell of a swimming pool at the center of it. The drunken SINGING seems to come from the bottom of the dry pool, ECHOING off the walls. The flickering light of a bonfire glows from down inside.

247 ANGLE - JESSE AND MONICA 247

They stroll arm in arm over to the edge of the pool. As they come close enough to see down into the bottom, an odd little scene is revealed. The pool is filled with charred timbers, and a couple of years' worth of garbage and beer bottles. At the deep end, in one cleared corner, a campfire, with raggedy DERELICTS sprawled around it. The guys drink and harmonize to an old church song.

Jesse and Monica sit on the edge of the pool and watch. The Derelicts are signing "A Tramp on the Street."

DERELICTS
(singing)
'He was some mother's darling
Some mother's son
Once he was fair and
Once he was young...'

One of the Derelicts looks up, beckons Jesse and Monica down to the fire. Jesse lifts Monica over into the pool, jumps in beside her. They step through the rubble, over to the campfire.

248 ANGLE - THE CAMPFIRE 248

Jesse offers around a pack of cigarettes. One Derelict passes him a bottle of wine. Jesse takes the bottle, and swigs. They squat down by the fire, Jesse joining on the song.

JESSE AND DERELICTS
(singing)
'Some mother rocked him,
Little darling to sleep,
But they left him to die like
A tramp on the street...'

The CAMERA PANS SLOWLY around the faces at the campfire, comes to rest on Monica, gazing into the fire, made pensive by the music.

249 MONICA'S POV - THE FIRE 249

Burning and CRACKLING. CAMERA MOVES slowly into the flames until the fire FILLS THE SCREEN.

250 ANGLE - MONICA 250

staring into the fire. Then she looks down, presses her hand to her belly. She looks up at Jesse.

251 ANGLE - JESSE AND MONICA 251

He's watching her, and singing.

JESSE AND DERELICTS
(singing)
'If Jesus should come and
Knock on your door
Would you let Him come in
And eat from your store?...'

He puts his hand on her belly, stroking it, harmonizing on the big finale, singing to her.

JESSE AND DERELICTS
(continuing; singing)
'Would you turn Him away
With nothing to eat?
Would you leave Him to die
Like a tramp on the street?...'

There is a silence after the song. The CAMERA MOVES IN on Monica. She begins to sing in a pale, high, child-like voice. (An old French song.)

MONICA
(sings; French)
'Plaisir d'amour,
Ne dure qu'un instant...'

("Love's pleasure, lasts but an instant.") CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY CLOSER and CLOSER to her.

252 HIGH ANGLE - THE PATIO 252

WE'RE LOOKING out across the patio, over the top of the firelight-filled pool, past the crumbling stone wall at the edge of the cliff -- and down over the flickering lights of the city.

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED: 252

MONICA's thin, clear VOICE rises above it all.

MONICA
(sings)
'Chagrin d'amour
Dure toute la vie...'

("Love's pain, Lasts all of a life...")

SLOW MATCH DISSOLVE:

253 EXT. THE PINES - SAME VIEW - DAY 253

Now it's early morning. The lights have gone out, the sun is coming up in the east. A thin, yellow haze hangs over the L.A. basin. The pool is deserted. BIRDS CHIRP. Jesse ENTERS THE FRAME, yawning and stretching. He strolls to the edge of the cliff, his back to us, and pees. Then CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he crosses back to the Cadillac, lifts the hood and ducks his head in.

The CAMERA CONTINUES TRACKING along the open Cadillac to REVEAL Monica curled up in the back seat, lying perfectly still with her eyes open. Jesse's RATTLING under the hood rouses her from her trance. She sits up, rubbing her eyes. She sees Jesse sticking half out from under the hood.

MONICA
(calling)
Jesse... Jesse...

Jesse pokes his head out from under the hood, smoking, irritated with the work he's doing.

JESSE
(abrupt)
What?

MONICA
(smiles)
I just wanted to say good morning.

JESSE
So far, so good.

He goes back to work, his head disappearing under the hood.

(CONTINUED)

253 CONTINUED: 253

Monica climbs barefoot over the front seat and jumps out of the car. She leans on the fender beside Jesse, plays with his shirt.

MONICA
What are you doing?

JESSE
(not looking up)
Cleaning these damn points. The pimp who owned this heap sure treated it like shit... It's a long way to the border and this baby's gotta haul ass today...

Monica watches Jesse pensively. She brushes some stray hair out of his face, leans in under the hood and kisses him on the side of the mouth. He doesn't respond; he's absorbed in his work.

MONICA
Jesse?

JESSE
What?

MONICA
(beat)
Tell me you love me.

JESSE
(not looking up)
Sure I do, sugar.

254 ANGLE - MONICA 254

Looking at Jesse. She drops her eyes, disappointed in his offhanded manner.

255 ANGLE - JESSE 255

Fiddling exasperatedly with the points, he can't get it worked right. He cusses the machine.

JESSE
(to Monica)
Do me a favor, punkin'. Go down the hill and get a carton of milk ... a bunch of Twinkies, and a newspaper...

He glances over his shoulder at her, waves a five-dollar bill.

256 ANOTHER ANGLE - JESSE AND MONICA 256

She takes it, glumly pulls on her shoes. Jesse gives her a wink.

JESSE
Hey, don't be down, we're just getting to the good part... Don't worry wbout Berrutti, he won't let us down.

Monica opens the car door. Her purse falls out, spilling on the ground. She squats down to gather up her stuff. She comes upon the broken red plastic heart, pauses.

257 INSERT - PLASTIC HEART ON GROUND 257

She flicks it on, the light blinks on and off. She flicks it off, picks it up. Underneath it, Lt. Weese's card.

258 ANGLE - MONICA 258

She picks up the card, looks at it.

JESSE (O.S.)
What's that?

MONICA
... Nothing.

She stuffs it and the plastic heart into her purse, stands up, but doesn't go.

JESSE
Step on it, darlin'.

MONICA
(turns; doesn't understand)
'Step on' what?

Jesse gives her a friendly push on the butt.

JESSE
Step on the gas. Make tracks. Scram, scoot, skedaddle. Get going... Berrutti'll be here in twenty minutes, and then we gotta vamoose outa these parts.

(CONTINUED)

258 CONTINUED: 258

Jesse ducks back under the hood to attack the timing mechanism. Monica still hesitates, finally starts down the hill. At the turning of the path, Monica stops, turns, looks hard at Jesse.

MONICA
(calling)
Jesse...

259 ANGLE - JESSE 259

He jumps. He's cut his finger. He shakes it in the air as he turns to Monica.

JESSE
(annoyed)
What???

260 ANGLE - MONICA 260

Still looking hard at him.

MONICA
Nothing. Just looking at you.

She turns, goes on down the hill.

JESSE (O.S.)
(yells)
Herald-Examiner!

Monica disappears around the bend.

CUT TO:

261 EXT. STOP-N-GO MARKET - ANGLE ON PHONE BOOTH - DAY 261

Monica passes the phone booth, stops as if she might enter, then changes her mind and goes toward the store.

262 INT. STOP-N-GO MARKET - DAY 262

Monica puts a container of milk, a banana and a cup of yogurt down on the counter. The GROCER rings them up.

GROCER
One hundred and eighty-five dollars.

(CONTINUED)

262 CONTINUED: 262

Monica looks at him, stunned.

GROCER
(continuing; grinning)
But I'll take a buck eighty-five.

Monica gives him the five. He points a finger at her.

GROCER
(continuing)
I've seen you somewhere. Are you on some TV show?

MONICA
No.

The Grocer makes change from the register, gives it to her, eyes her again.

GROCER
I've seen you someplace. That I know.

She shrugs, embarrassed, picks up her bag, turns to leave.

GROCER
(continuing)
Maybe one of those quiz shows? 'Let's Make A Deal?'

263 EXT. STOP-N-GO MARKET - DAY 263

Monica comes out the door, slows past the telephone booth, eyeing it hesitantly, goes past it to the row of newspaper vending machines. Shifting the sack around, she puts the coins in the slot, bends to pull open the lid. It won't budge.

MONICA
Merde...

She kneels, sticking a finger into the return slot, then, glancing through the plastic window, she sees her own face on the front page of the Herald-Examiner ... next to Jesse's.

264 INSERT - NEWSPAPER VENDING MACHINE 264

Monica's reflection in the plastic window, SUPERIMPOSED OVER the newspaper behind it. The headline caption:

HOSTAGE OR LOVER?

Monica slowly gets to her feet, clutching the little sack of groceries tightly against her, EXITS FRAME.

265 EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - CLOSE ANGLE - DAY 265

Lt. Weese's card (the back of it) propped up against the glass wall of the booth, and Monica's eyes. Her eyes dart from the card to the phone O.S. We hear a DIGIT BEING DIALED. Her eyes dart back to the card, then back to the phone. We hear another DIGIT DIALED. Her eyes shift back and forth, from digit to digit, beginning to fill. THREE more DIGITS are DIALED.

A tear drops from one eye, then the other. She pauses, wipes at her face, dials the SIXTH DIGIT.

266 INSERT - THE PHONE DIAL 266

Monica's finger turns the circular rotator slowly from the "7" all the way to the little metal crescent. She pauses. Her finger releases. The rotator whirs back. Her finger LEAVES THE FRAME. A beat, then:

MONICA (O.S.)
Hello? Lieutenant... Weez?...
WeSee? Alright...

CUT TO:

267 EXT. THE PINES - DAY 267

Monica running through the gates and up the hill. Jesse cruises around a curve in the Caddy, pulls up beside her. He plucks the sack of groceries from her.

JESSE
Hop in. We'll meet Berrutti at the gate... Where's my paper?

He pulls out the carton of milk, fumbles it open.

MONICA
I can't go with you, Jesse.

(CONTINUED)

267 CONTINUED: 267

He looks at her sharply, irritated.

JESSE
Come on, sugar, not again...

MONICA
I called the police. I told them you were here.

Jesse lunges out of the car, slaps Monica hard. She flinches from him, raising her arms in self defense, but holds her ground.

JESSE
(low)
What the fuck for?
(louder)
Huh?
(louder)
What the fuck for... It don't make sense.

MONICA
(a little defiant)
It makes sense.

She looks at herself in the car's side mirror, shakes her head.

MONICA
(continuing)
No, it doesn't.

JESSE
You love me, Monica!

MONICA
(crying out)
I don't want to love you! I don't want to go with you!...

She looks up at him, tears running down her cheeks.

MONICA
(continuing)
After what you said last night, I knew you wouldn't leave without me, unless you were forced to... That's why I called the police... so that you would have to go... Now, go, Jesse, please! Quickly!

COULD HAVE JUST SAID CALLED COPS

268 ANGLE - JESSE 268

Looking at her, bristling with anger and remorse. Suddenly, he hurls himself at the Cadillac, kicking it and smashing it with his fists. Making dents. Then, just as suddenly, he stops, looks at his bloody hands. A SIREN starts up, far away.

269 ANOTHER ANGLE - JESSE AND MONICA 269

(WOULD NOT USE SIREN)

Monica goes up to him, touches his arm.

MONICA
(softly)
They're coming, Jesse. You have to go.

He looks up at her. A spark flashes in his eyes. He seizes her arms, pulls her to him.

JESSE
(urgently)
We can still make it. Come on with me, darlin'. We can make it. I know a hundred ways to get out of this town...

MONICA
(shakes her head)
No, Jesse. You have to go alone. You have to go <u>now</u>!

A beat. He lets go of her arms, leans against the car, just looking at her for a couple of beats. Suddenly, all of the fight seems to go out of him.

JESSE
No, I'll stick around.

MONICA
(panicked)
No! You <u>can't</u>!

JESSE
(shakes his head)
Like I told you, mama, I'm goin' all the way with <u>you</u> -- Mexico, L.A., whatever -- all the way to the end.

270 ANGLE - MONICA 270

Horror mounting on her face, as she realizes he's not going to go. She begins to swing wildly at him, her fists bouncing off his face, arms, chest. She screams, cries.

MONICA
(hysterical)
You have to... You can't do this to me... Go!
(lapsing into French)
Salaud! Fous le camp!... Sale con!

His arms go around her, restraining her, pulling her to him. She struggles, then collapses, sobbing into his chest. He holds her there, strokes her head. She looks up at him.

MONICA
(continuing; through her tears)
Go, Jesse. Please. I beg you.

271 ANGLE - JESSE 271

He looks down at her tear-stained face, smiles without malice.

JESSE
(sings, almost whispers, a la Presley)
'That's alright, mama,
That's alright for you,
That's alright, my mama,
Any way you do...'

Suddenly, he jumps up.

JESSE
(continuing)
Aw, shit! Berrutti!

He tears off down the hill on foot, toward the gates.

272 EXT. THE PINES, OUTSIDE THE GATES - DAY 272

As Jesse runs through the side door in the gateway, Berrutti's coming up the hill street (Fuller Avenue) in a black Ferrari.

(CONTINUED)

272 CONTINUED: 272

JESSE
Berrutti!!!

Jesse runs part way down the street until Berrutti swerves up to him, pulling a thick envelope out of his jacket.

BERRUTTI
(calling out)
Merry Christmas, muchacho! Here's your dough.

JESSE
Get outa here quick! The cops are coming.

BERRUTTI
What?

The SIRENS are much LOUDER now. Jesse shoves the money back at Berrutti.

JESSE
Beat it! The little French girl, she called the cops on me...

BERRUTTI
(freaked)
Oh, shit! Come on, quick, get in!

JESSE
(not moving)
No. I'm staying. You get going.

Berrutti swings open his door.

BERRUTTI
Are you crazy? Come on, get in!

JESSE
Nah, I'm tired, Tony... They won't kill me if I give myself up...
(shakes his head)
... Damn. I really thought I had her that time...

He looks up the street, sees Monica coming toward him from the gates.

Suddenly they all whirl to the SCREECH OF TIRES.

273 ANGLE - THE STREET (FULLER AVENUE) 273

A police car comes careening around the corner of Hollywood Boulevard, at the bottom of the hill. A garbage truck is crossing the street above the police car, going from alley to alley.

274 ANGLE - JESSE AND BERRUTTI 274

JESSE
(to Berrutti)
Go on, I tell ya!

Berrutti slams the Ferrari into gear, then lunges over to the glove compartment, pulls out a gun.

BERRUTTI
Here. Take this, at least...

He shoves it into Jesse's hand.

275 ANGLE - THE STREET 275

The police car SCREECHES to a stop in the middle of the street, half a block away. It's being blocked by the garbage truck.

276 ANGLE - JESSE AND BERRUTTI 276

Jesse looks at the gun, tosses it into the Ferrari's back seat.

JESSE
Adios, amigo.

BERRUTTI
You're whacked out of your skull!

277 ANGLE - THE POLICE CAR 277

Lt. Weese, Sgt. Davis and TWO uniformed COPS pile out of the car, guns drawn.

LT. WEESE
(shouts)
Freeze!

278 ANGLE - BERRUTTI 278

Berrutti reaches into the back seat, tosses the gun to Jesse, ROARS off down a side street.

279 ANGLE - MONICA 279

Running toward Jesse.

280 ANGLE - JESSE 280

The gun lands at his feet. He looks at it, looks at Monica, gives her one last crooked grin, bends to pick up the gun.

281 ANGLE - MONICA 281

She holds up her hands.

MONICA
No!

282 ANGLE - JESSE 282

picking up the gun.

283 ANGLE - THE COPS 283

Sgt. Davis FIRES.

284 ANGLE - JESSE 284

He flies backwards, hit in the side. He falls to his knees, then instantly scrambles to his feet, staggers crazily up the hill toward Monica.

285 ANGLE - THE COPS 285

Jumping forward, pointing their guns, trying to get a clear shot.

LT. WEESE
(shouting at Monica)
Out of the way, girlie!

He FIRES.

286 ANGLE - JESSE AND MONICA 286

Jesse pitches forward, hit again. He falls to the pavement at Monica's feet, Berrutti's gun clattering to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

286 CONTINUED: 286

He looks up at Monica, gasping, his face twisted in pain. She kneels over him.

COPS (O.S.)
Get away!
(one whistles)
Hey!

Jesse tries to smile at her.

287 CLOSER ANGLE - JESSE 287

Jesse looks up at Monica, breathing hard.

288 JESSE'S POV - MONICA 288

She's breathing hard, too, looking down at Jesse. She puts her hand to her mouth.

289 MONICA'S POV - JESSE 289

For a couple of beats, the rhythms of Jesse's breathing and Monica's breathing are the same.

Then Jesse mumbles:

JESSE
All or nothing, I told you.

Jesse cracks his crooked grin. His breathing suddenly rushes out in his last breath. He's dead.

290 CLOSE ANGLE - MONICA AND JESSE 290

Monica quickly grabs up his hand. It's making a fist in final pain.

MONICA
No, Jesse.

Monica presses the back of Jesse's fist against her pregnant belly. She hugs it there.

MONICA
(continuing)
It's not nothing, Jesse --

(CONTINUED)

290 CONTINUED: 290

Abruptly, the police are around the body, guns extended. Lt. Weese kicks Jesse's gun away. Another Cop snatches Monica away from Jesse. She's pulled aside.

291 CLOSE ANGLE - MONICA 291

She wrenches herself out of the Cop's hands. She walks apart from the huddle of police surrounding Jesse. Her thoughts struggle across her face. She walks speechlessly. She notices something on the ground in front of her. She bends OUT OF FRAME to pick it up. And when she RETURNS TO THE FRAME, we see she's holding Jesse's gun.

She's looking at it, holding it out at her side. She keeps looking at it, oddly charged with emotion.

FADE OUT.

THE END

GOOD ENDING